

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XI. - No. 283.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 7th, 1902.

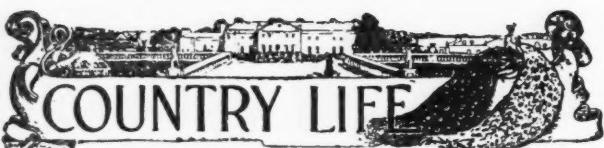
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HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



COUNTRY LIFE
THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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AFTER THE WAR.

AFTER two years and a-half of continuous fighting it was only to be expected that the news of peace, based as it was upon a surrender of the enemy, should have occasioned much rejoicing. Everything combines to make the intelligence welcome. It comes on the eve of the Coronation, and will be accepted as a good omen for the reign of Edward VII. No one who witnesses the pageant will be disturbed, as otherwise must have been the case, with a consciousness that even in the midst of rejoicings cannon might be booming on the veldt, and a dear friend or relation exposed to the sniper's bullet. The terms, too, are satisfactory. While they constitute a surrender, and not a treaty of peace, and secure the objects for which we fought, they also reflect the moderation and magnanimity of the English nation. We disarm the Boers and insist that "all guns, rifles, and munitions" shall be handed over, yet we allow the carrying of such weapons as are necessary for protection. Prisoners of war are to be set at liberty on taking the oath of allegiance as British subjects. In this reasonable spirit all the articles are drawn up. No indemnity is claimed and no war tax is to be imposed. The first would, of course, be impossible, since the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies are now incorporated as portions of King Edward's dominion beyond the seas, and it would have been cruel to tax an impoverished country. Instead, we are going to spend three millions in restocking Boer farms. The people also are to be allowed to use their own language in schools and Courts of Law if they wish to, and this is far better than attempting to obliterate it. English must in time swallow up the Taal, but any attempt to force the process can only result in stiffening the resolution to adhere to it. The articles show a firmness tempered by an enlightened mercy eminently creditable to those who drew them up. Probably the only people thoroughly dissatisfied with them are those fiery patriots at the Hague whose business has been that

of "lying abroad" for the benefit of their country. They have been shamed in the face of all Europe. The homely burgher who fought not from any political motive, but only from a blind and not wholly reprehensible devotion to his native land, is glad to find he may return to his homestead, where he may in peace cultivate his acres by day and in the evening smoke on his stoop.

But while regarding with indulgence the outbreak of rejoicing, the sober and practical Englishmen who have made the Empire what it is will at once begin to ask what has to be done with this new territory. It has been acquired at immense expense. Over two hundred millions sterling has been swallowed up in the war, and that in itself is nothing compared to the outlay of life and limb. True, this represents only one side of the account. We were fighting for our hold upon South Africa as well as for ascendancy over the Boers, and we have won it. Unless another period of purblindness comes upon English statesmanship, it will be long before anyone is again in a position to challenge our paramountcy. The war, too, has welded the Empire into one, and shown other nations what they have to face if they provoke a quarrel. More, still, it has infused new vitality into our means of warfare, grown rusty with long peace, and it has made men of the thousands who have received their fire-baptism on the veldt. These are advantages not lightly to be set aside. They bring the Empire out of the war greater and stronger than it was on entering it. And the unhappy nation of peasants betrayed into fighting us must also gain in the long run. There was little good in the sleep and ignorance of their happy valley. War, dreadful in itself, has once more proved to be a civilising agency. It has at least caused the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies to be known to the ends of the earth, and will attract to them capital and enterprise. There can be no relapsing into the old state of things. Activity will replace sloth, and competition make idleness impossible. Boers who have been through the war will henceforth look upon the world with very different eyes. They have been initiated into the ways of the great world beyond their farms, and in the future as British subjects may be expected to improve upon the lessons they have received. Nor will it really be any check upon their energies to find that instead of being members of a paltry State they are citizens of the greatest Empire in the world.

The practical work that awaits doing gives point to these general reflections. It will take some time to get the resources of the country ready for development. At present, perhaps, people are too intent upon its mineral riches. But though these are far from being exhausted, they should not be allowed to bulk in public estimation so as to exclude others. For some time to come railway construction must form a considerable industry by itself, and along with railways, factories and workshops will have to be built. Most of all, however, will it be necessary to develop the immense agricultural capacity of the new territories. The Boer population is quite insufficient for the task, and there is something in the suggestion of Mr. Seddon that New Zealanders should be brought over. It is a matter of Imperial importance that natives of Great Britain or of our older Colonies, men at least of Anglo-Saxon blood, should be encouraged to go to the district. There is no surer means of finally quenching the animosities aroused by the war than that of kindling new activities. No doubt the best of all agencies, the enterprise of individuals working for their own ends, will ensure a certain development, but statesmanship also will have a task to perform. All this will not be done in a day. Though the terms of the settlement have been agreed upon, the carrying of them out will be a long and tedious process. Commissions will have to be appointed, claims examined, and rights established. It would be absurd to expect a country to leap right out of the throes of war into the high tide of prosperity. Yet the latter is clearly attainable if set about with sense and wisdom and vigour. The soldier has played his part, so has the statesman, and both have been steadily backed by a country that has shown extremely little difference of opinion. Now it is the turn of the merchant and business man to step in, and should he do his part equally well, Boer and Briton alike may have cause to look back with satisfaction upon the struggle now happily ended.

The brief and dignified announcement made to the House of Commons augurs well for the harmony to follow. Mr. Balfour set a fine example by avoiding any trace of triumph or exultation in his colourless statement, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman congratulated the Government in terms to which no exception can be taken. Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords was equally dignified, and Lord Tweedmouth and Lord Rosebery replied in the same tone as the Liberal leader in the House of Commons. For the rest, Mr. Balfour's hint about going on quietly with the business of the House was in the right spirit. As in times of disaster the country never showed itself unduly hopeless or depressed, so in the hour of triumph it would be undignified for it to give way to feelings of elation. The wise and wholesome course is to go steadily on with the work in hand.



REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED" might pass for the title of the next chapter—or rather the appendix—of the Boer War. Africa has always been recognised as the testing-place of merit, and it is interesting to ask who comes out of it with added lustre. Lord Roberts easily takes first place. He went out when our fortunes were at their lowest, he conceived a delightfully simple plan for relieving the besieged garrisons, and in carrying it out he broke the back of the conspiracy. Recently there has been evinced in some quarters a tendency to speak against "Bobs," though his bitterest enemy does not deny that he shines most where a general ought to shine, viz., in the battlefield. Therefore in the most casual review of recent history to him a most important place must be assigned. It can be said of him that every task he has been set to accomplish has been brilliantly achieved, and higher praise no man could bestow.

Next to "Bobs," and scarcely in an inferior place, comes that strong contrast to him, the iron and inflexible Lord Kitchener. Public instinct, that seldom goes far astray, credits him with those thorough measures that ultimately disheartened the enemy. The "drive," a mode of warfare based on mathematical principles, and leaving nothing or next to nothing to chance, was eminently characteristic of the man. Probably in this way he is the most typical living embodiment of the modern spirit. No believer in mere luck, he works out his campaigns in the closet, bestows infinite care on the details, and brings forth the result like an answer to some problem in mathematics. Lord Kitchener has most decidedly added to his laurels in South Africa. He has also to some extent destroyed the common belief in his extreme severity. His campaign has been marked by uncommon humanity and a rigorous justice to all. If his was the head that drew up the articles of settlement, he is to be congratulated no less on his moderation than his firmness.

Of the men holding slightly inferior rank, there can be no doubt but that the first place is due to General French, whose brilliant achievements began before the investment of Ladysmith and ended only with the war. His reputation is not reconsidered, but made. There is not a country in Europe wherein General French has not been pointed to as the model of a cavalry officer, and the country will be very disappointed indeed if his achievements are not worthily recognised. No one can say how much the success of the war was at every stage due to the ceaseless activity and splendidly executed operations of General French. But though the names of Roberts, Kitchener, and French stand out most boldly, there are many others who have gained greatly in public estimation. It is sufficient to mention General White, whose stubborn defence of Ladysmith will ever win for him respect in military circles. A dozen others come to the end of one's pen, but it would be unfair to mention one without naming all.

But for the constitutional inability of a contemporary to refrain from vainglorious boasting as to the manner in which it obtained what purported to be special information, but might very well have been merely the result of sagacious inference, touching the peace negotiations, we might have credited that contemporary with sagacity. But now the cat has been let out of the bag. The reason why our contemporary was able to "scoop" other newspapers, as they say in the United States, was that it descended to trickery at which other papers would hesitate. It hoaxed the Censors by bogus business telegrams. Here is a sample cut out from its own columns: "Regarding purchase gold farm Paxfontein all necessary parties to contract now Pretoria whither Alf gone get better price have every reason believe vendors wish to sell." This was very distinctly not playing the game. It may be said that the Censors ought to have seen through the artifice. But then they are accustomed

to correspondents who do play the game. Forewarned is forearmed, and the Censors will know better another time. Nay, more, we shall be surprised if this journal does not have to pay for its "enterprise" in other ways.

The Colonial Club, which was opened this week in Dover Street, is the result of a most excellent scheme of Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt and some others. It is intended for the use of non-commissioned officers and men of the Colonial troops coming to London for the Coronation. Very wisely no public appeal has been made for funds; the money required has been obtained privately. Mr. Chamberlain heartily approved of the scheme and promised £500 officially, and the rest of the funds necessary have been got together easily. The club is thoroughly comfortable and well equipped, and its first and greatest rule is that there are no rules. Every member, and every Colonial trooper or non-commissioned officer is a member, will be treated like a gentleman, and will be expected to so behave, and rules and regulations are considered superfluous for a club which is only to exist for a few weeks.

Professor Dawkins, lecturing on Saturday at Owens College, said that the accounts which have appeared in the papers recently about the age of Stonehenge are mostly erroneous. One account said that it dated from the time when this country was a part of the mainland of Europe, and roamed over by the elephant, the lion, and the bear. Another argument fixed it to the polished stone age, because stone implements were found in excavation, which proves nothing, for they were used even in the bronze age. Stonehenge was built by the people who used bronze implements. If that is doubted, glance at the number of mounds around it which contained them. The worshippers were buried largely near their holy shrine, for it was the Westminster Abbey of the period, and all the other stone circles in Britain were but as outlying chapels.

Everything which can be rehearsed in connection with the Coronation is being rehearsed, and it is to be hoped that there will be no such comic *contretemps* as happened in Spain. The Duke of Connaught was to adorn the King of Spain with the Order of the Garter. The Duke made his speech, the grandes and the King were properly impressed, the culminating moment came, and the Duke of Connaught was to buckle on the garter, when it was discovered that Alfonso XIII. was wearing trousers! A young King must not look like a navvy ready for heavy work, so he and his lords in waiting had to disappear hurriedly and change to knee-breeches. Luckily the Spaniards are a grave people.

It is said by *Le Figaro* that M. Deutsch, the giver of the balloon prize, hopes to establish on the Basse Seine a French Henley, "which is to rival in all respects the British prototype. The regattas are to be largely international." As to that, all we have to say is "the more the merrier." What is more, M. Deutsch is welcome to all the international races he can collect on the Seine, for, truth to tell, international contests are none too popular in England, or at any rate at Henley. They spoil the amenities of the pleasant river-side regatta, and make the races too much of a business. So then be it hoped, most sincerely, that the report of the project of M. Deutsch, the balloonist or encourager of balloons, is not all gas.

That the beautiful edelweiss is gradually disappearing from off the lower slopes of the Alps is a fact of which all visitors to Switzerland are well aware, it being now quite a notable feat to discover a clump of the soft, star-like blossoms within reach of one's alpenstock. The cause of this is, of course, the same that has ravaged our woods around London of the primrose and other favourite flowers, their popularity being their doom. The Prefect of Savoy has now, however, issued a notice to the effect that all persons will be prosecuted who are found collecting the flowers or uprooting the plants in the department of Savoy or in French territory. The new regulations which were received from Paris protect also the Alpine rose and other plants peculiar to the Alps, which are ruthlessly torn up by tourists, or by natives to sell as souvenirs. It is only to be regretted that there are no such laws in Switzerland itself to protect the beautiful Alpine flowers that are becoming rarer every year, it being stated that whereas edelweiss could have been found a few years ago at an altitude of 1,000ft., it is not now possible to find it blooming in its wild state below 3,000ft.

A very curious incident took place lately at Ballingarry, County Limerick, where a badger took possession of the house of a farmer named John Casey while the family were absent. It had taken up its position under a bed, where it had evidently slept comfortably during the night without being noticed, and the visitor was not discovered until the next morning, when it

was found enjoying a quiet nap on the kitchen hearth. None of the family would approach the animal, until a dexterous neighbour was called in, and succeeded in lassoing him and dragging him out. The badger is more common in Ireland than is generally supposed, but it is most unusual for such a shy animal to venture near a house.

Treacherous pitches have gone some way during the present season in the direction of stopping cricket matches from going on for ever, by reason of the superiority of the batting to the bowling. The tendency, indeed, has rather been for matches, especially the most important of them all, to be put an end to altogether simply because the grounds have been absolutely unfit for play. Still the stone-walling of which Lord Granville Gordon speaks with so much bitter contempt in his amusing reminiscences will continue in the future as it has done in the past. In these circumstances there is much to be said from the spectators' point of view for the scheme which has been tried experimentally by Dr. Grace and Mr. Townsend. It is beautifully simple. Take two elevens, allow to each of them an innings of, say, 130 min., if it can keep at the wickets so long; then the highest score wins. In a match conducted on these principles, a Jessop or a Thornton would be worth a whole county of Shrewsburys, and the game would certainly be well worth watching. It would be carried out, in fact, upon the lines of an obsolete club at Winchester, which was called the "Slog and Barter." Barter, it may be remarked, was the name of a certain Warden, famous for his half volleys. The batsman, who, to use the old-fashioned word, "blocked" two successive balls was out *ipso facto*. Of course, this kind of game was not real cricket; nor, for that matter, is stone-walling, and of the two the former is infinitely the better fun.

PEACE.

What means the clangour and the clashing bell,
The shouting in the street?
Peace, it is Peace that we desired so well,
Long-tarrying Peace we greet.

The swords shall all be rested in their sheaths,
The fuse no longer burn.
Prepare the olive and the laurel wreaths,
The soldiers will return.

Nay, not them all, for some lie in the veldt
Athwart the beaten track.
Long-resting from the blows received and dealt,
Peace cannot give them back.

But the wind, blowing where they fighting fell,
Will now no more repeat
The crack of Mauser rifle, shot or shell,
That broke into their sleep.

Merely the drowsy hum of wilding bees
That drone from flower to flower,
The lowing of the cattle on the leas,
Wearying the milking hour.

Merely the sound of reapers reaping corn,
Of maidens at their play,
Down to their shadowy river will be borne
At the closing of the day.

A. H. B.

Every reader of COUNTRY LIFE and probably every Briton will rejoice in the announcement that an international agreement for the protection of birds useful to agriculture was signed in Paris in March of this year. Sweden, Belgium, France, Greece, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Monaco, Lichtenstein, and Luxemburg all are signatories to the agreement, which thus is seen to cover a very considerable area on the map of Europe. The insectivorous birds are naturally those that are put under special protection, and all interference with them or their nests appears to be absolutely prohibited at all seasons of the year alike. Protection is extended to owls and nightjars, which prey on the vermin and the insects of nocturnal habits. It is a measure which, if it be enforced, will save an immense number of the migratory birds which now are taken in such places as their favourite passes through the Pyrenees. Unfortunately, Italy does not seem to have joined the band of mercy and agricultural utility, an exception very much to be regretted in view of the great numbers of small birds that are caught and eaten by the Italians. There is much, however, to be grateful for, and we may expect that the song of birds soon will be far less conspicuous by absence than it has so often been noticed to be in the continental woods and gardens.

The Oxford Eights began in wind and rain, but finished on the last three days of the racing under conditions as perfect as could be wished. The most important change was that which put University College, for the first time after many years, again at the head of the river. Once there, the position of the leading boat never was threatened, but there was very good racing just below, Magdalen chasing New hard, and being in turn hotly pressed by Balliol. Of the rest of the racing, the most interesting features

were the upward progresses of Christ Church and of Wadham. To criticise the rowing generally, it is very certain that while the stroke still is rowed well through, there is not the same grip of the water at the beginning of the stroke, nor the same life and sharpness at the beginning, that there used to be in the Oxford rowing of some years ago. Rowing is so much a matter of imitation and of tradition that it is difficult, no doubt, for those who have been under the constant influence of a gradual change to notice it, but the difference is very striking to the critical eye that comes fresh to its consideration.

English sea-fisheries no doubt stand in an anomalous position, being without any separate board to represent and control them, whereas the Scottish sea-fisheries have their own representative and directive board. English fishery returns appear only in the general records of the Board of Trade. The desirability of reconstituting the Fishery Department of the Board was the principal object of discussion at the recent meeting of the executive of the National Sea-Fisheries Protection Association, over which Lord Heneage presided at the Fishmongers' Hall. Several members of Parliament were present. There is a general feeling that our Legislature is not treating with sufficient gravity the questions connected with an industry and food supply so important to the nation as its sea-fisheries, and the presence of these representatives is therefore the more gratifying. Some protests were made against the abandonment of the Bill for the Prevention of Sale of Immature Fish. The only decision at which the meeting seems to have arrived was in the nature of relegating the questions discussed to a Sea-Fisheries Conference to be held at Hull in October of this year. The locality chosen for the conference is a good one, being in the centre of the East Coast fishing ports and also convenient for the attendance of the representatives of other nations interested in the North Sea fisheries, should any of them wish to be present.

Sir J. Blundell Maple has lately made some rarely practical suggestions, in a letter to the *Times*, for encouraging the breeding of horses for military purposes. "If the question were taken in hand by business men, and the whole thing run on business lines, there is no reason why the United Kingdom should not produce every horse that is required." These are the words which he proceeds to prove with reasons, in the first place showing that at the age at which Government now buys horses of the farmers, that is, from four years old to five, it does not pay to breed them for sale at anything like the present prices. He calculates £42 10s. as the cost of breeding a horse of the stamp required and keeping it to the end of the three year old season; and his proposition is that the Government should buy three year olds in the autumn of each year at a minimum of £35 and a maximum of £45 for each horse. A great point in the argument is that in fixing a minimum you give a strong encouragement to the farmers by removing a good deal of the present uncertainty. It is a scheme, as Sir J. Blundell Maple admits, that could not come into immediate operation because of the absence of three year olds of the right type, but he argues that if the Government advertised its intentions on these lines encouragement would be given sufficient to produce such horses in numbers within a few years, and the result would be a great benefit to the farmer without imposing any great expense on the exchequer. The suggestion is, that the Minister of Agriculture might co-operate in the matter with the War Office.

By a singularly pathetic coincidence, the *Garden* of May 31st contained a highly interesting letter signed "H. R. Dugmore, The Mount, Parkstone," and on the same day the body of the writer of that letter was buried at Bournemouth. Hardly ever has there been a more striking illustration of the truth of the saying that in the midst of life we are in death. On the Wednesday afternoon Mr. Dugmore, like the Prince and Princess of Wales and a group of their happy children, was engaged in delighted contemplation of the bluejackets from the Excellent, as they illustrated with a jury-mast the process of rescuing mariners from the wreck of a ship by the use of a rocket and a breeches buoy. The men tried to be too smart, and one guy was let go too soon, with the result that the heavy spar swung round and fell with a crash into the middle of the spectators on the right-hand side of the hall. Nobody except Mr. Dugmore was injured, but he sustained a terrible blow, and on being taken to the hospital attached to the Tournament he was found to be suffering from concussion of the spine. He lingered until late at night, and every care was given him, but the case was hopeless from the first, and the authorities at the Tournament, to their great grief, learned of his death before midnight. It was the first fatality of the kind that had ever occurred in the history of the Tournament, and sympathy and sorrow were deep and sincere. Lord Cardigan attended the funeral as representative of the Tournament authorities, and the staff, the bluejackets, and soldiers sent last tributes in the form of wreaths.

Flowers were, indeed, closely appropriate to the funeral of Mr. Dugmore, who was one of the keenest gardeners of his day. He and his brother, Canon Dugmore, who is vicar of the parish, and Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the great Darwinian, lived in close association, and gardening was the hobby of them all. Especially did Mr. Dugmore and Mr. Wallace rejoice in the cultivation of various kinds of Eucalypti, to which the mild climate gave great encouragement, and in Mr. Wallace's garden is a fine specimen of *Eucalyptus Gunnii*, which has braved many

severe winters, and has flowered profusely in many autumns, to the equal delight of its owner and Mr. Dugmore; but the latter will not see it flower again. He was also an enthusiastic grower of water-lilies, and his collection of hybrid water-lilies and of blue water-lilies was very fine. Almost his last boast was that he held the record for having made the *Nelumbium speciosum* develop fully and expand in the open air, and that he had his blue *nymphæas* in bloom on May 17th. His death is a great loss to the literature of horticulture.

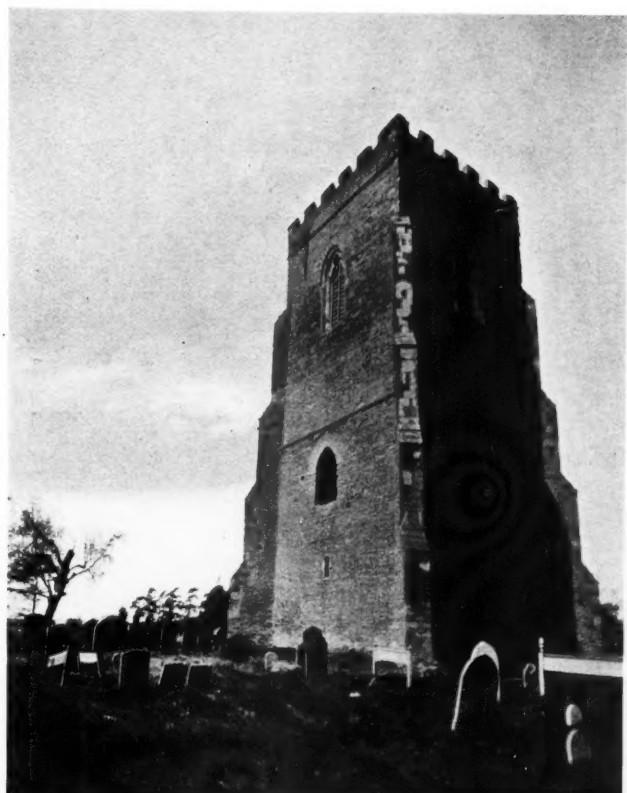
THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

"Bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned."

—Shakespeare, *Henry IV., Part II.*

THE bells have ever been the voice of our people in joy and triumph, even as they reflect in other tones their moods of sorrow. On Coronation Day the peals will ring out from a thousand towers that the Seventh Edward is crowned, rocking the old steeples, and signalling from coast to coast that Old England is celebrating the crowning of her King in the good old way. "Ring out, ye bells; burn bonfires clear and bright," was Shakespeare's notion of the accompaniments of a coronation, and we are much too conservative not to keep up the tradition, for bells and bonfires will be part of the celebration in every English village.

An "Allegro" and a "Penseroso" might be written of the moods of the bells. They are our oldest and almost our only national music. Their voices reach across the sky. They are the messengers of peace and goodwill, sending their sound from village to village, and over the cities' roofs, crying, not as one, but as a harmonious choir: "Be happy and rejoice." For the first bell was brought to Abbot of Wearmouth, from Italy twelve centuries ago—they have been favourites of the English people. In the rude ages, when the poorer commons had little to stir their imagination and to put something of sentiment into their lives, they found in the voices of the bells something to appeal to their hearts. As they were warlike without being drilled, so, though they were not a musical race, they wanted some form of music to give expression to their emotions. This they



Mrs. Delves Broughton.
DETACHED BELFRY, MARSTON MORETEYN.

found in the bells, which most of them could ring and all could understand. They were quite satisfied with the sound of those deep-mouthed notes, which their strong arms drew from the high-hung peal, and seldom troubled to fit the oak-hung masses of bronze with the tinkling machinery of the carillons, so dear to the bell-hangers of the Continent. There are towers in England in which peals must have been rung to do honour to the crowning of twenty generations of kings. What a study in costume and manner of life the portraits of these old ringers would be!

It is rather a solemn business ringing a peal, and is taken seriously. For one thing, the sound of the bells comes down from above, even through two or three storeys of old tower flooring, in volume of sound too great for talking to be heard. The ringing of a night-peal, by the light of the lanterns and candles set about, by the bare-armed, coatless men, good, rough-hewn villagers—the smith, the wheelwright, the sexton, and the rest—as the bells clash and the tower throbs in the darkness up above them, is a fine scene, and a stirring one. The slip of the ropes, the crash of the metal upon metal above, the echoing dominant ring, not of each bell but of all the bells, dwelling and resounding in the prison of the thick walls, is not the same as we hear outside, as the notes float out through the towers over the country round. The ringers are like men speaking in the dark. They take it on trust that what they do will be heard and please; but there is no applause to encourage them—no response to their music. The voices of the bells are so old,



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INTERIOR OF BELFRY.

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THE CHURCH AND THE BELFRY.

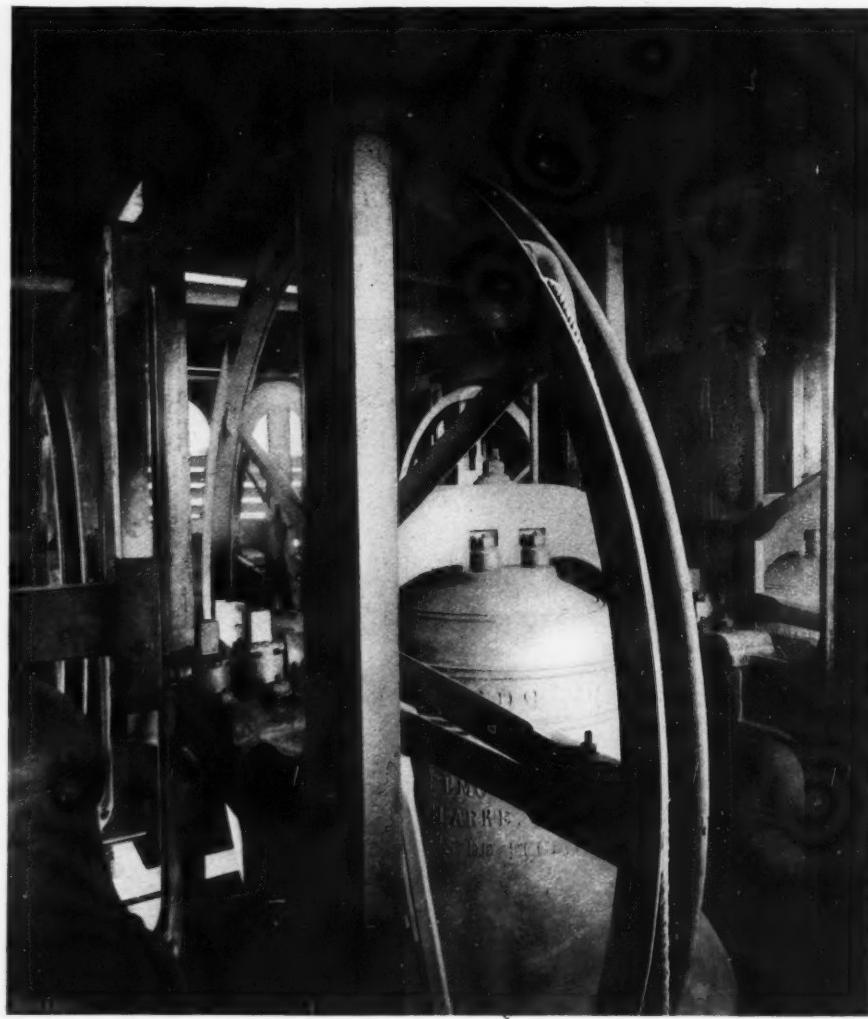
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their sweet chime across the fields so familiar, that we have come to look on them as part of the natural sounds of the country, which we may expect every Sunday and holiday, as we may expect the cock to crow at dawn. This is hardly fair to the men who give this "set piece" of rustic music. There is not another instance of service to the charm of rural England so universal and so spontaneous.

Sentiment about bells has rather declined, perhaps because at one time it was pitched too highly. They were invested with religious prestige, and, oddly enough, with social prestige. Both depended on the fact that the bell was a voice. It could speak, and speak louder than any other thing known before the cannon's mouth was enlisted to signal triumph, to summon aid, or measure out the notes of mourning. It was the ambition of every free town to have a town bell, to summon its free citizens to meet for counsel or defence. It was a symbol of unity, a

token that when it tolled the "thing," consisting of men with common interests and a common purpose, was about to act. It was something very significant, that town bell, a token that the new world was beginning, a mark that all kinds of ideas, starting in the humble notion of being "let alone" to work out your salvation in this world in your own way, were afoot.

But the church bells appealed to the imagination mainly, not in regard to this world, but the next. The people put into the idea of these bells a quite human interest. They idealised them to an extent which has almost no parallel. There is nothing of the "gross superstition" order about this sentiment of an age of faith among a very sound, but, at the bottom, a religious race. A little of the feeling survives still about ships, entrusted to the goodwill of heaven, before taking to their life on the waters ruled by the unseen powers of the deep. Ships are named and christened, with sometimes a service of the church. Bells were named and christened too, and



Mrs. Delves Broughton. BELLS RE-CAST AND RE-HUNG, ST. PETER'S. Copyright

nothing was omitted which could mark the wish of the donors or owners to make them something else than mere metal of copper and tin. They were sprinkled with holy water. They were anointed with oil. After this, that nothing might be omitted which they would have done to ensure their own children a place among the consecrated sons and daughters of a religious and a pious race, they were sometimes clothed in a white chrysom, the linen garment of consecration. After this all was well; the bell was a link between earth and heaven. It rang children into the world, if their parents thought good; it rang when they were married; and it called on their neighbours for a prayer when their souls were crossing the bar. The whole sentiment about bells was good. Images and shrines were really appeals to particular saints and histories, but there was a generality about the cult of the bell which belongs to a wider range of feeling.

The church bells were always a link between the daily life of the people and the religious side, or, rather, the two were in mediæval days so mixed in practical matters that some of the secular uses survive still. What is more ancient in the life of the village than the company of the gleaners, who all go together for company's sake, for one never sees a solitary gleaner, into the cornfields? In many parishes the gleaners' bell is rung to let everyone know that the fields are now cleared of the sheaves, and that the "children's harvest" has begun. The gleaners' bell rings late, that the wives and little ones may not be hurried out, and that the weakest may have the same chance as the strongest in gathering the fallen ears. The workers' bell is also rung to let the labourers know when it is time to rise and be in the fields for the daily business of the farm. A vast stock of village jokes survives about this bell, as to how the farmers always made it worth while for the ringer to toll the bell ten minutes too early on weekdays for the men to go to work, and too late on Sundays for the farmers to come to church—all libels, no doubt, but part of the village stock of sarcasm. Among the bells still hanging in churches are some specially cast as "workers'" bells. Some bear this legend: "Arise, go about your business." When occasions of great rejoicings arise it is sometimes rather hard upon the machinery which hangs the bells, and sometimes has been known to result disastrously for the bell itself, which has been rung until it cracked. At Ashover, in Derbyshire, is one which has been re-cast, and bears the following inscription:

"This old bell rang the downfall of Buonaparte, and broke, April, 1814."

Particular bells were set apart for special uses, and had inscribed upon them words showing what they were meant to do. In one of the Dorsetshire churches is a bell cast and hung for the main purpose of employment as a fire alarm. On it is the inscription:

"Lord, quench this furious flame;
Arise, run, help put out the same."

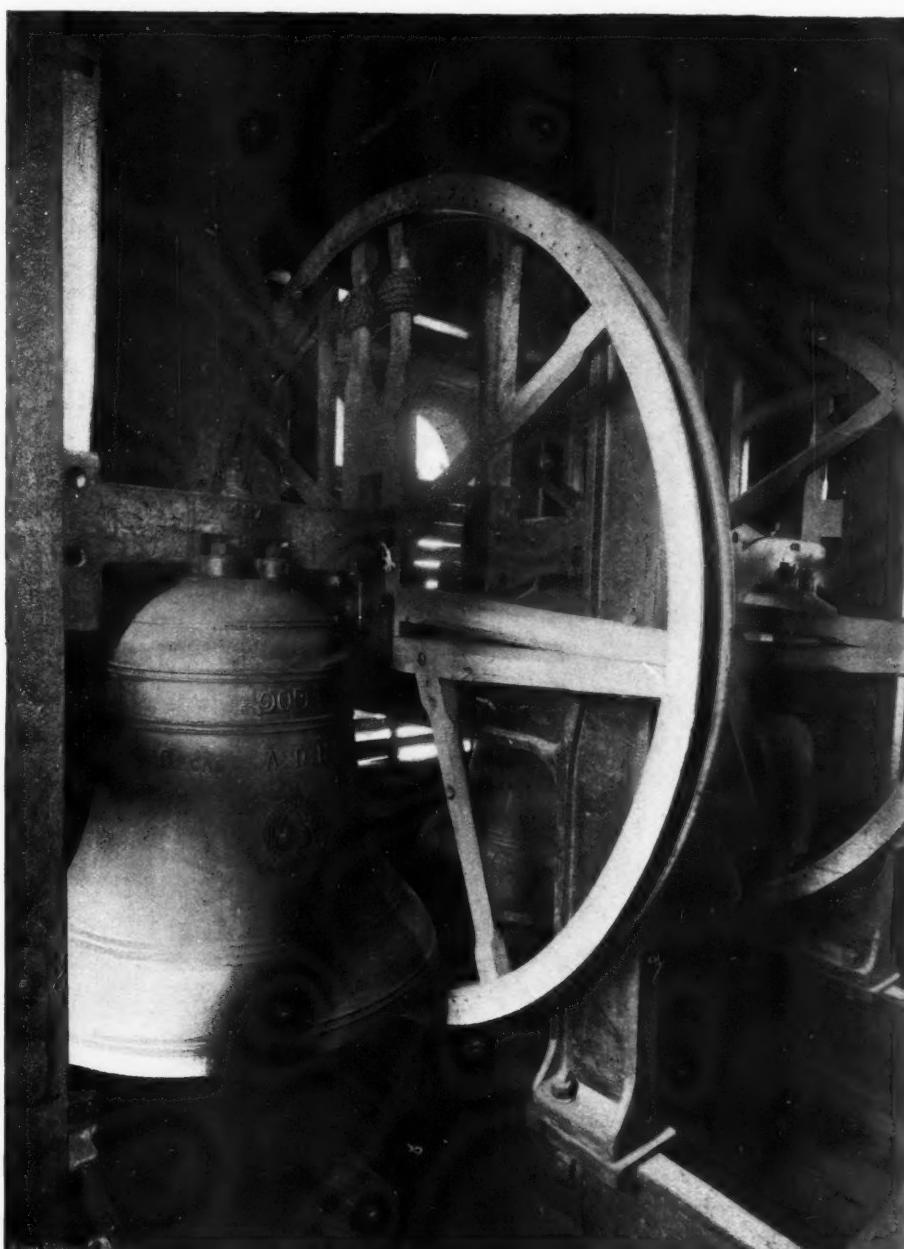
A practical legend on another bell, which needs no comment, is the following:

"Doctor Nicholas gave five pound
To help cast this peal tunable and sound."

Among the ancient customs surviving in our country villages is that of sounding a bell to guide people out on the moors or downs in the evening. The usefulness of this to shepherds on the moors and fells of the North will be plain to all. But before there were any "hard" roads on the Southern Downs and heaths people were very apt to be lost in fogs and after dark. Even in so comparatively populous a county as Berkshire there are surviving endowments of small sums of money to pay the sexton for ringing these guiding bells. One such endowment is at Chilbury, said to have been given by a man who was lost in the fog on the Downs and found his way back by hearing the Chilbury bell. Another is rung at Wokingham, the money having been left by Richard Palmer.

The bells often gained a certain dignity of their own by being placed in a tower detached from the church. One of the

finest examples of these separate bell towers is that at New College, Oxford. Another is that of Marston Moretene, in Bedfordshire, here shown. Both church, tower, bells, and belfry timbers are splendid, as will be gathered from the beautiful photographs. The bell tower stands at a distance of 50ft. from the church. It is evidently of earlier date than the latter, and is most massively built. The lower walls are 6ft. thick. There are only arrow slits in the lower storey, and the original entrance was not by a door below, but by one high up in the wall. It is on the south side of the tower, and so thick are the walls that it resembles a small tunnel. Access was obtained by a ladder, which could be drawn up inside if the tower were besieged. There are five fine bells in the tower, all made by Hugh Watts of Leicester. The wheels are part of the mechanism for ringing. They are a form of lever, which enables each bell to be pulled



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A LOYALIST BELL.

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completely upright by means of the rope. The picture shows the wheel of the largest of the peal. In the holes in the wall are the nests of the birds, which by recent edicts of the bishops are to be excluded (very properly) from these chambers by wire-netting placed over the windows, and to be requested to take up their quarters in other parts of the tower. A still more massive and striking arrangement of timber setting may be seen in the photograph of the interior of Elstow Tower. A finer specimen of the rough, good, effective building and fitting of our old towers could scarcely be found.

Modern bell-founders set their bells in girders of iron, and make the wheels of the same metal, but the arrangement differs little from the mediæval pattern. Examples of this are shown from the tower of St. Peter's Church, Bedford. These bells were re-cast, but the old inscriptions were retained. The "Loyalist

"Bell" bears the following, in which many of the letters are upside down or reversed:

"DOD SAVS THE KING, 1890."

The Commonwealth was proclaimed on May 19th, 1649, but here we have a bell cast in the following year bearing a loyal inscription, but so arranged that it was not easily read.

C. J. CORNISH.

IN THE GARDEN.

FLOWER GARDENING, 1838-1902.

IT is interesting to the keen lover of English gardens to draw a comparison between the gardening of the Early Victorian Era and that of the present time. When the late Queen, of revered memory, ascended the Throne English gardens were suffering from a severe attack of scarlet fever. Scarlet

past sixty years countries have been explored, their flora has been tapped for our delectation, and the great art of hybridising and selection so perfected that every flower exhibition is a manifestation of the skill of raisers of all countries. Whilst the brilliant exhibition in the Temple Gardens is fresh in one's mind, think of the flowers raised and introduced during the last half century. Such an exhibition was impossible when Queen Victoria came to the Throne. Orchids were regarded as strangely wonderful things from the swamps of the tropics, and, whether dwelling on the snow-line or in the temperate regions, were treated in the same way and killed in the abnormal temperature of an English hothouse. The hothouse was regarded as a necessity. Nothing from the far-off lands could be hardy; it must be tropical, and was forthwith consigned to the hothouse, there to stew and die. Millions, we may say, of rare Orchids perished on the journey home through indifferent packing and the slow travelling, and, even when they arrived safely on our shores, the Englishman's stew-house finished their course.

In these days there are such things as cold storage, clever packing, and quick means of transit. In truth, the whole horticultural world has turned topsy-turvy, and the flower and fruit industry takes its place amongst the great commercial features of the country. In 1878 the Rose in its many beautiful varieties, as we know it to-day, was not born. The Tea Rose is a modern creation. Gloire de Dijon, Anna Olivier, Viscountess Folkestone, Princesse de Sagan, Marie Van Houtte, Maréchal Niel, Mama Cochet, and a host of varieties we regard as our most precious flower possessions, were unknown. Many beautiful climbing-garlanded the porch or crept in at the window, but there were no Crimson Ramblers, Unas, Psyche, Wichurianas, and the many exquisite climbing and rambling Roses that bring joy and charm to the English garden in this Coronation year of 1902.

The Early Victorian craze for red, white, and blue, and an insatiable desire to have patterns and scrolls in plants on the grass, thrust out, however, many beautiful hardy flowers from bed and border. The pleasure grounds were neglected, many things became almost extinct, and the glorious homes of England were denuded of all that was held most precious as part of their surroundings. This transformation has been gradual; we are a more "artistic" nation than we were sixty years ago, and the better taste in gardening is reflected in architecture and painting. An artist has no lack of subjects in the present century, as we know well from the many charming exhibitions held from time to time by those artists who make the "gardens of England" their especial study.

CORONATION BEDS.

But may we be saved from Coronation Beds. We hear rumours of desperate attempts to represent crowns and sceptres and diagrams of various kinds, artlessly and wonderfully portrayed in little clipped plants. This is a retrograde step—it echoes the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria, and is offensive to all who have the true art feeling in the adornment of our pleasure grounds. Loyalty and devotion to His Majesty and to Queen Alexandra are not expressed in a raised floral crown, a dumpling set on turf, and kept in shape by perpetual snipping of leaves and buds. It is not loyalty to scrawl over the green grass "E.R. VII."—a floral monogram of *Lotelia*, *Mesembryanthemum*, and *Alternanthera*; and we fear this sort of Coronation madness will upset the good opinion of those visitors to our shores who are coming in the belief that English gardening is free from paltry imitation of mosaic or of things animate and inanimate. We received a floral shock on one occasion when a crocodile in flower colours was designed

on the grass—a beautiful sward, soft as velvet, and yet desecrated by this monster made of things that bear snipping patiently. Perhaps—we fervently hope so—this reversion to the worst phases of gardening sixty years ago is a passing fancy.

Another feature of modern gardening is the introduction of flowers from China and Japan. When Queen Victoria came to the Throne, the Chrysanthemum was almost unknown. Of course the Chinese and Japanese had brought the flower to wonderful perfection, but the glorious masses of petals seen in November at exhibitions all over the country, in almost every village, were yet to come. There were no Chinese Primroses, Persian Cyclamens, Streptocarpuses, or tuberous Begonias, to mention only a few of the things we possess in the year 1902; and this acquiring of new forms is increasing. Countries have been scoured, until great discoveries become rarer and rarer, and we look to the hybridist to add beauty to the garden by the acquisition of interesting and valuable novelties.



Mrs. Deveres Broughton.

TIMBER SETTING IN ELSTOW TOWER.

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overran everything, mixed with yellow, blue, and white—garish masses of brilliant hues, unrestful, exotic, and painfully monotonous. "Bedding out," in its most violent form, was the fashion of the day. When flowers failed, coloured gravels were used to get the desired effect—brilliancy, harshness, mere effect of two or three colours, and an utter absence of anything that tended to rest and quietness. But fashion is fickle. Sermons were preached by the leading journals of the day upon the falseness and poverty of this use of three colours, and the *Garden*, then edited by Mr. Robinson, waged war, as it does now, against this worship of things beautiful when used with moderation, but tiresome and a sad reflection of the artificiality of the age when planted as they were then.

We are thinking now of the flower garden; but the scene has been gradually changing, until, in this year 1902—the year of King Edward VII.'s Coronation—the English garden is garlanded with flowers and drenched with a hundred perfumes. But fashion alone has not produced this transformation. During the

THE KING AS COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

SANDRINGHAM is what the old writers would have described as "a fayre manoir," and now that the cares of State lie on the King's head, its charms appeal to him more than ever. In situation, it lies far enough away from London to give a feeling of remoteness and seclusion, yet not so far but that it is easy to run down for a day or two. And, after many years of building, planting, and general improving, the place has ripened into an exquisite beauty. The last occasion on which the writer was there happened to be in May, when the tender young foliage was at its best, and the world was bright with the young flush of spring. Along the beautiful road from Wolferton to Sandringham the larches and firs displayed nearly every shade of green; the white stoled birches were draped in fluttering green leaves; and though the bracken as yet gave no sign of wakening from its winter sleep, here and there a rhododendron added the brightness of its flowers to the scheme of colour. The oaks were just in the opening bud stage of development. Birds were singing so merrily as almost to drown the voices of the nightingales by day, though after dark they had the world all to themselves. As we were driving along the Princesses' Walk, with its cunningly devised "peeps" at the silvery Wash, a black and white magpie rose and sailed into the wood—an omen of good luck. The place is haunted by many birds, and last year was visited by a golden eagle. All such strangers are tenderly protected, and indeed the tameness of the pheasants that scarce would get out of the way of the carriage wheels was a true token of the genuine kindness to animals. Apparently they had quite forgotten the winter shooting parties. It is said that a man is best known in his own home, and no one could be more popular than the King is among his own people. At Sandringham he lays ceremony aside and goes freely about on the estate. And a very good test to apply to any landlord is to observe the age of the tenants and servants. Many of the King's are very old indeed. It was an old-fashioned, well-cultivated bit of Norfolk that he purchased in 1863. There were about 12,000 acres in all, farmed by people who in some cases had gone on for several generations. Most

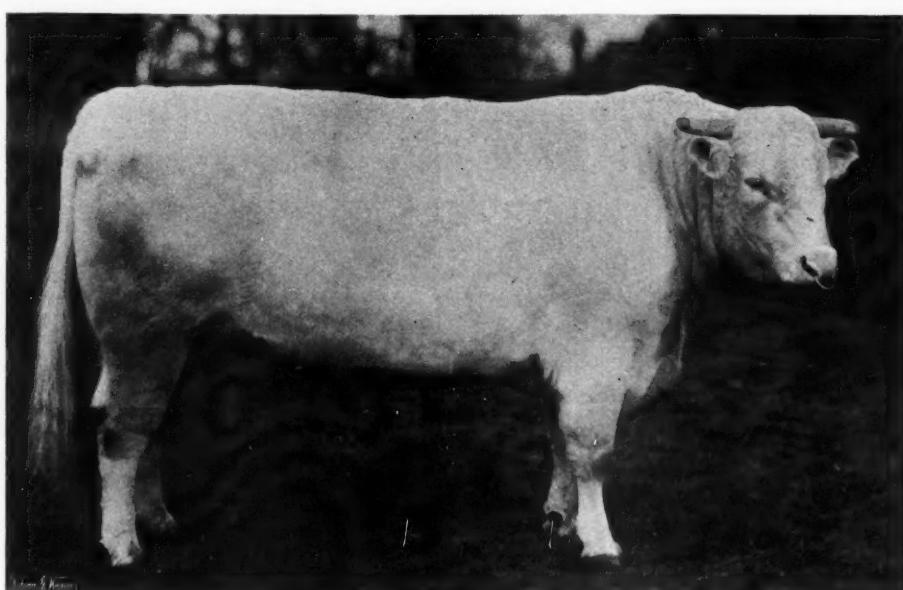
there are also on it two clubs for labourers, the organisation of which is due to the King. A single instance may be given to illustrate the tact of his management. No wines or spirits are allowed to be sold in the clubs, but at first there was a rule which said, "One pint of beer per day only can be obtained by any person." This the King disliked, and indeed it belongs to a most unworkable class of regulations, since



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PRIDE OF COLLYNIE.



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CRYSTAL PRINCE.

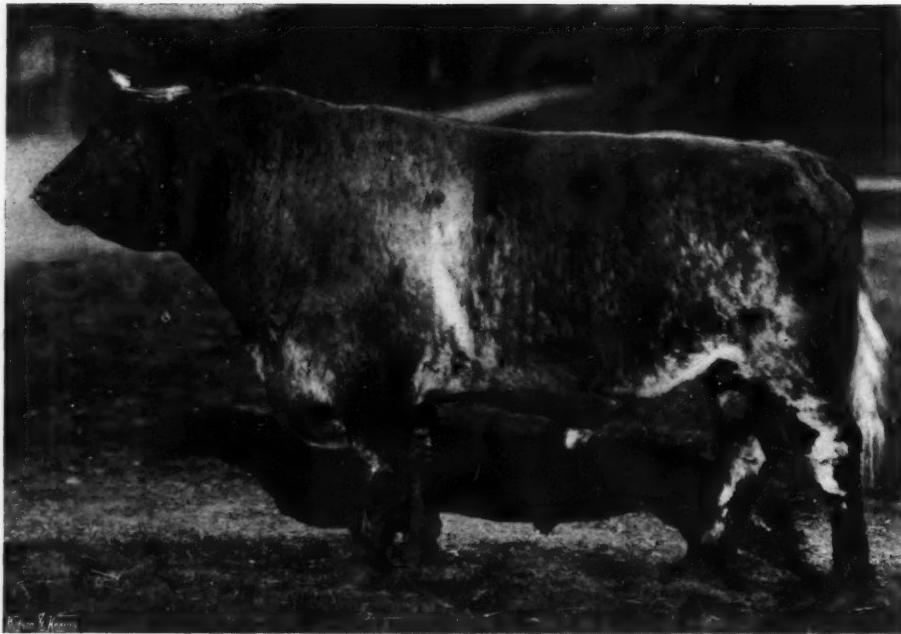
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of their representatives are there to this day, and good farmers they are. So also there are many aged servants, and one and all readily acknowledge how wise and practical has been the King's interest in their welfare. As is well known, he is particularly solicitous about their housing, and nearly every cottage on the estate has been rebuilt since he became landlord, and in a most substantial and satisfactory manner. So that in this respect the estate is now thoroughly well-equipped.

it can be so easily evaded. Suppose Harry is thirsty and Tom is not, how easy it is for Harry first to order his pint, and then to get Tom to order one which he does not want, and drink that too! The King abolished the restriction, but substituted one for it, allowing each man to be his own judge of what was good for him, but guarding against intemperance by making a first offence punishable by suspension for one month, a second by suspension for six months, and a third by expulsion. Time has shown that the King was right. In eighteen years there has only been one case of a member being suspended for a month: he did not repeat the offence. The affairs of the club are managed entirely by the men themselves, and the institution has proved very beneficial. In this connection it ought also to be said how much the King has done in the way of building and restoring churches on the estate.

The King's love of agriculture is well known from his public appearance at so many shows. Three there are in particular, in addition to his own county one, of which he long has been a friend and patron. First we take the Shire Horse Society, for which he has done so much; next, the Ashdown Show, a very important one to Shire-breeders; and then the Peterborough Show, the great foal show of the year. Of all these he is patron, and in them he is most keenly interested. It would take too long to go into his connection with the Royal and enumerate all the occasions on which he has lent it his support. These things belong to his public life, and for the moment we are more concerned with his private character as a land-owner, farmer, and breeder of pedigree stock.

The King has set a fine example by conducting his farming operations with an entire absence of ostentation. For one in his position it is easy not only to have the best of everything, but to proclaim the fact in every scrap of work done. But the King has shown himself beyond and above the temptation of the *nouveau riche* to be flamboyant and showy and to make a huge display of wealth. For instance, the best buildings on the estate are the



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CARLYLE.

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men's cottages. In the arrangements for housing all his fine animals the utmost homeliness prevails. Going through the yards at Wolferton one gets the impression of visiting the homestead of a substantial farmer of the old sort, who was, it is true, proud of his livestock, but somewhat contemptuous of mere appearance. The yards and sheds are old, and seemingly just what they were when the King as Prince of Wales came to this part of Norfolk. Indeed, one would like to have had a snap-shot of the comely West Highlanders lying in their straw or gazing about so gently, despite the ferocious look imparted by their splendid horns. One feels the same thing about the men. Some have grown grey in the Royal service, others are entering upon it as young lads; but from all you hear the broad, homely Norfolk accent—at least, from nearly all. There are some who use the "broad Scots." But everywhere are the zeal and knowledge that are inspired by a good master, be he king or commoner. It is the same with the arrangements for the Shires and shorthorns at Appleton. Comfort there is, and efficiency, but extremely little show. The elderly man who takes care of the Shires is, or looks like, one who was born for the situation. He thinks Shires and talks Shires. With a mind well stored with memories of the great horses that have passed through his hands, he has no end of anecdotes. For instance, he tells you of Lord Rothschild's famous stallion Anchorite—who, as everybody knows, was purchased from the King—that he had a very bad temper. Proof of that we have indeed had with our own eyes, for the horse once, being brought out on view, turned on the lad who had charge of him, reared, and, dropping, worried at him till we thought a fatal accident

certain; yet the boy escaped scathless. Here we are told that Anchorite's dam died in foaling, and that he was brought up by hand, and that colts so nursed are always more wicked than those brought up in a more natural manner. So in regard to all the mares and horses passed in review; his mind is saturated with Shire gossip, and about each he has something of interest to state, always in the patois of his native country. It would not be possible to imagine anyone who more thoroughly looked and lived his proper character. The cattleman is another of the same kidney, and delights to recapitulate the triumphs of the great bulls as they are brought out. Indeed, one cannot help feeling, with admiration, that the King has created around Sandringham the very atmosphere of an English country home, so admirably rendered by Washington Irving in "Bracebridge Hall," the most charming of his books. Here are the aged servitors and the ancient devotion to their several crafts, the love of old ways and old things and old fashions that has so long distinguished that splendid representative of England, the country gentleman. It is the ideal that Sir Walter Scott so continually dreamed of, and that he tried to live up to at Abbotsford. His faithful Tom Purdie has quite a number of counterparts here. There are faithful old servants still living at Sandringham who remember the coronation of Queen Victoria, and assisted at the planting of trees that now are over thirty years of age. Only by hearing such veterans talk can one fully realise all that the King has done in beautifying his seat and developing the agriculture of the estate. They are living witnesses who have grown old in watching these things, and remember the very roads as they used to be before his time.



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SOUTHDOWN SHEARLING EWES.

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Not that they care to admit that much was wrong with the old roads either. Before steam-rollers came to be used, the



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BODYGUARD.

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county gentlemen of Norfolk fully recognised the advantage of attending to the highway.

The King himself is old enough to remember many changes, and it is scarcely possible to avoid glancing at them in any review of his history as a country gentleman. When he started farming in the sixties, agriculture was in the heyday of prosperity. Land was sought for by all who had capital to spend, and "Mr. Greenfields" was considered to offer a security to investors not second to Consols or the Bank of England. No one dreamed of the lean years that stretched away from 1879 up to the present time. We have spoken of roads, but good roads were more necessary then than now, because of the greater traffic on them. Farmers sent far more of their produce to market and were not so used to sending it by rail. Then there were no school boards, county councils, or parish councils. We have become so speedily accustomed to these bodies as almost to forget how recent is their establishment. Above all else, cheapness of food was undreamed of. Bread was dear, meat was dear, sugar had a heavy tax on it, so had tea, coffee, and many other articles. No one had yet thought of bringing Australian and American meat, poultry, and rabbits over to this country in refrigerators. England practically fed herself, and the farmers seemed to have an endless monopoly of doing this part of her work. Who could have foretold the changes that were close at hand? New wheat-



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CALWICH BLEND.

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and yet in this part of Norfolk there has been less actual hardship than has occurred in many other districts of England. A change for which the King is much more responsible is that of keeping farms practically devoted to pedigree stock. In the sixties, when he came to Sandringham, it is true that shorthorns had been long established as the characteristic breed of English cattle; but what a number of herd-books of other species have a

later beginning than that! And if we turn to horses, we see changes quite as important. Thorough-breds were as good then as now. Sir Walter Gilbey would say they were very much better, but the rage for Shires had not yet begun. Even the excellent name for them had not been invented, and they were still spoken of as the black cart-horse, black being the favourite colour. Now it is only just to the King that these things should be brought to mind, because no one else in England has exercised so beneficial an influence upon these changes. He has not only been ready on every possible occasion to lend a theoretical encouragement to the breeding of pedigree stock, but probably on the assumption that practice is better than theory, has led the way by engaging in it himself. And this appears to have been a matter of taste as much as principle with him. No one who did not like breeding could possibly have done all that he has accomplished. The results to farmers have been excellent. England under this system has become the breeding stud of the world.



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PREM VICTOR.

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lands were opened, and then, through the competition of steamship companies, freights were lowered, and wheat, stimulated by the wretched harvest of 1879, began to pour into this country in a torrent, which has ever since kept increasing in volume. Simultaneously other sources of food supply have been tapped, and shiploads of tinned meat and cold meat, of eggs and poultry and bacon, of fresh fruit and canned fruit, of nearly everything imaginable in the way of food, have been imported. All this has affected the King's position as a landlord to an enormous extent,

Nowhere else will you find stock so good as in our shires, or in Sandringham itself for the matter of that, and the breeding of it has opened a way to men who would otherwise scarcely have known which way to turn.

Thus, the more we examine the change witnessed since he as Prince of Wales came to Sandringham in 1863, the more interesting do we find it, not only as exhibiting the development of husbandry since that date, but as showing how excellently the tastes and predilections of the King have fitted into the

situation, so that they have been the means of conferring a really solid benefit upon the country at large. However, it is time to stop generalising and come to particulars of the work he has so successfully accomplished in his pleasant country seat.

At Sandringham about 2,000 acres are kept in hand for the use of the various pedigree flocks and herds. Most of them are at Appleton and Wolferton. The King began his career, first

quite excellent breeders—old John Gamble among them—and from these was gradually built up the present herd, which is now second to none in the kingdom. For some years past Sandringham has had only one rival to be seriously afraid of, and that, as need scarcely be said, was Windsor. Last year at Cardiff the King had the satisfaction of sweeping the board, so to speak. He was, in a sense, only beaten by himself. The famous Windsor bull, Royal Duke, bred by her late Majesty, was top of the list, and received the champion prize of £20, given by the Shorthorn Society for the best bull in the show. Pride of Collynie was second and reserve for the championship. He is a more massive bull than his successful rival, and equally good as far as top goes, though his quarters are not equal. Pride of Collynie was purchased at the show of the Highland Society in 1899, where he stood second to Royal Duke, who had been sent up from Windsor. He has proved an excellent sire, and the herd is deriving new strength from his service. But the resources of the herd will be very apparent from the fine series of bull photographs we are able to show. Sales form an unfailing test of merit, and the fact of the King having attained to the high average of £70 per animal speaks for itself. This he has done on two occasions. The King's taste for shorthorns is by no means an exclusive one. He it was who first set the stamp of popularity on the Dexter breed, those sweet little cows that look like shorthorns in miniature. At the Newcastle Show of the Royal Society in 1887 he was much impressed by the Dexter exhibits, and made up his mind to obtain some. His first

purchase was made from James Robertson of Dublin, and since then Dexters have been very successfully bred at Sandringham. The King has taken championship honours at the Royal twice, and has also two London cups for the best Dexter, in addition to winning high places at less important shows. He likes to see these creatures, and there are about forty of them on the estate. The King is also fond of the West Highland breed of cattle, which he likes to see in the parks. He has taken many prizes for them too. One or two very good steers were visible at our visit, but they were somewhat out of court for the purpose of the photographer. When we add that there are a few very sweet-looking red-polls, it will be understood that the Royal herd does not lack variety.

Turning from shorthorns to Shires, we come to a department of breeding wherein the King's excellence is unchallenged. The Shire stud is renowned wherever Shires are known. And here again his sympathy with agriculture has taken a most practical form. These splendid stallions of his are let out at very moderate fees to those who have no connection with the estate, and to the King's tenants free. Every farmer knows that this is tantamount to putting actual cash into the pockets of the tenants. It is not only that so much is saved in actual fees, but the great expense usually lies in sending mares to a stallion. Some of the tenants have done very well indeed by obtaining a good class of mare to match with the Royal horses. It was at one of the early Shire horse shows that the King was struck with the ambition to own some of these animals for himself, and the result was the purchase of Jewel, a very good mare. For a long while, however, things went on quietly, and little attempt was made to



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AFTERTHOUGHT.

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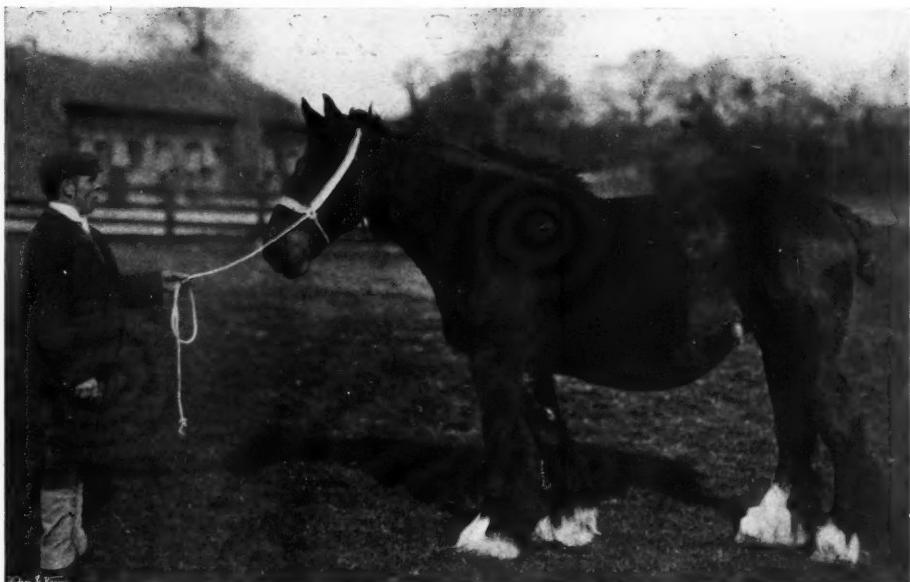
DOROTHY DREW.

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at the cost of 100 guineas each, two beautiful cows at Sir Charles Knightley's sale at Fawsley, in Northamptonshire. Warlaby sires were used at first, though afterwards a good cross was obtained by purchase from Scotland. It was in 1877 that the King started the shorthorn herd at Sandringham. He obtained a few animals from Windsor, but the nucleus of the herd was really formed by buying the pick of the best Norfolk herds. Round about Sandringham at that time there lived a number of

cut a figure in the showyard. However, luck, or the soil, or something else, made the Shires do well, and they were taken up seriously. Very soon the stud came to have a great reputation as it produced some of the great winning Shires of the day—such, for instance, as those grand mares Gloaming (sold for 1,000 guineas and subsequently champion) and Victor's Queen. Locally it is believed that the storms and winds from the Wash put stamina into the horses. At all events, there is no stud

in the country where the horses are treated by harder methods. After a foal is born it is kept for from nine to twelve months on the chalk, and then turned out on the marsh, where it winters without any cover whatsoever. Except the stallions, the horses are not brought under cover again. It may be doubted whether this is the best way to secure size and weight, but most undoubtedly there is no better way for getting constitution, and that is the probable reason why horses do so well after leaving the stud. The King has had four sales of Shire horses, held respectively in 1891, 1894, 1898, and 1902. At that in 1898 his Shires made the extraordinary average price of £224 7s., and for many years this stood as the record, till it was beaten the year before last by Lord Llangattock. At the sale this year the average fell a little short of what it had risen to in 1898. This cannot be wondered at. Every year sees an addition to the breeders of Shires, and scattered up and down the country now are ten times the number of first-class studs that there used to be. Prices for show animals cannot fail to be influenced by such an enormous increase in production, and it is just as well that this should be so, for the grand aim of



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MOULTON BLAMELESS.

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to be kept at Wolferton, but was dispersed in the early part of the present year. This fancy represented one more side to the King's active sympathies, and there was a peculiar appropriateness in his keeping Hackneys as a Norfolk landowner, since Norfolk claims to be the home of the nag. He founded the stud with Field-Marshal in 1887, and his object here was not so much exhibition as to breed good-coloured carriage horses, browns and bays. Incidentally he performed a service to lovers of this useful breed.

These roughly, then, are the agricultural pursuits of the King at Sandringham. In following them he has set an example which ought to be, and has been, followed by many hundreds of English country gentlemen. To keep pedigree stock has, in short, become a fashion of the day, mostly owing to his influence. It has been a very useful fashion to the classes engaged in husbandry, and has enabled many of them to weather the storm that at one time was very threatening indeed. When grain production failed as a means of livelihood, stock-keeping came in to fill its place. And not only have fortunes been bettered by the

export trade that has sprung up, but the stock on English farms has improved far beyond what it used to be in the days anterior,



W. A. Rouch.

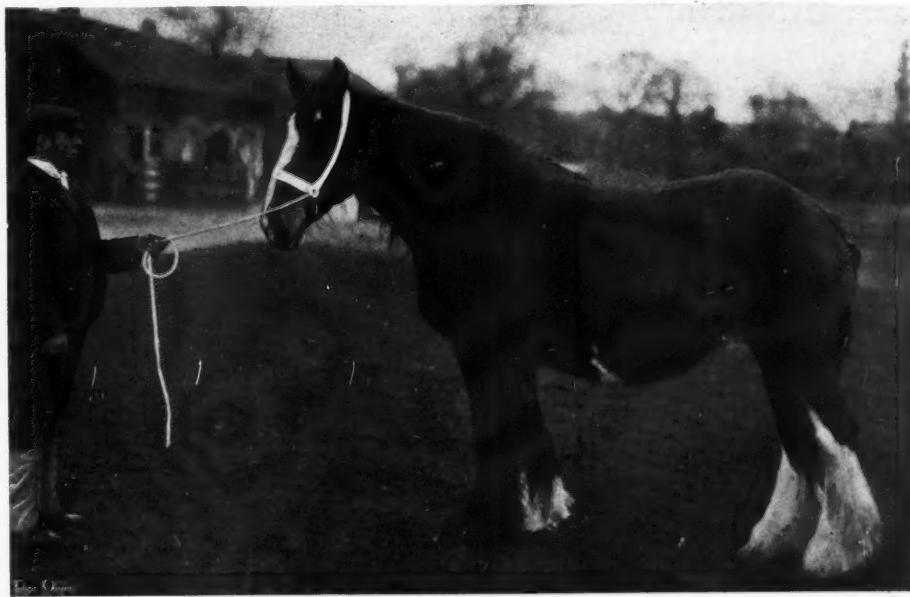
ABBEY OF CROMWELL.

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breeding cart-horses ought not to be the exhibition, but work, and there is not the slightest sign of any fall in the value of those to be used for haulage.

We give portraits of the leading sires in the King's stud. One is glad to see that the photographer has taken Calwich Blend in such a manner as to give due prominence to his magnificent feet. He is still looked upon as a newcomer to the stud. One can easily see that he is a Harold horse, of great bone and weight. He ought to match well with Dorothy Drew, who, after being reserve for the Shire Horse Society's gold medal at the Bath and West, and obtaining a first in Gloucestershire for Lord Rothschild, was purchased by the King. The younger horse, Premvictor, who is being tried for the first time this year, is a Shire full of quality, though his fineness gives a certain Clydesdale air to his appearance. He is obviously a good horse, and ought to be a great success at the stud. With the stallions we show some of the brood mares. They are not supposed to be in show condition, but are taken just as they happened to be on the day of our photographer's visit.

A word should be added in regard to the Hackney stud which used



W. A. Rouch.

QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

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THE KING AS A SPORTSMAN.



Rouch. PERSIMMON AT SANDRINGHAM, WITH LORD MARCUS BERESFORD & E. WALKER. Copyright—"C.L."

(This photograph was taken in the early days of the famous Derby winner's stud career.)

If the English nation has a characteristic that is beyond all cavil, it is a love of sport and pastime, and nothing could be more appropriate than that it should have for a Ruler one who is pre-eminently distinguished in this respect. Few of his subjects can rival King Edward VII. in the versatility and extent of his sporting sympathies. The late Duke of Beaufort, than whom there was no more capable judge, has left on record his opinion, "That when hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better." That is as to hunting. In regard to shooting he says: "When the wind has been blowing hard, often have I seen His Royal Highness (now His Majesty) knocking

over driven grouse and partridges and high-rocketing pheasants in first-rate workmanlike style." Then he refers to his being a good yachtsman, to his interest in cricket, and his encouragement of racing. It is to this latter aspect that we are about to give particular attention, but one cannot help devoting a few sentences to his position in other branches of sport. As a shot he has not only distinguished himself on English moor and covert, but at the famous tiger-hunt given in his honour in Nepaul, by Sir Jung Bahadur, made the record of shooting six tigers, and also acquitted himself to admiration in the kindred sports of cheetah-hunting and pig-sticking. Among less dangerous amusements, he was always a good billiard player, and in late years has taken keenly to golf. Quite recently he has had a new course laid out in the Home Park at Windsor. His record day with the gun was December 31st, 1885, when, at Sandringham, ten guns accounted for 3,000 head of game, of which 1,200 were pheasants. He is a very cool and steady gun, and the same qualities distinguish him as a yachtsman, and have brought him successfully out of many dangerous moments.

One has to go to Sandringham fully to appreciate how splendidly the King answers to our conception of what a great country gentleman and sportsman should be. But the estate is far from being managed with an exclusive eye to his own interests and amusements. No landlord in this country is more solicitous for the welfare of all classes than the King. He is keenly alive to the interests of his labourers, and has built excellent cottages for them, and formed a club that is worthy of imitation anywhere. Sport is but one of his interests. From



W. A. Rouch.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PERSIMMON.

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another article it will be seen how keenly he is devoted to all farming interests, to his herd of Jerseys, his famous shorthorns, his Highland steers, and his Shirehorses. So many winning mares and stallions have come from the last-mentioned stud that the effect of the marshland and the breezes from the Wash has almost become proverbial. They seem to have affected the thorough-breds to an equal degree, and that stud has become one of the most important in the country. It was founded about fifteen years ago amid some despondent prognostications, for the low-lying marshy country did not seem very favourable for the breeding of race-horses. However, nothing succeeds like success, and the results have quite upset the omens of the prophets of evil.

The Wolferton Stud, where Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee now stand, is practically devoted to them, the other members of the stud being kept at Sandringham, three miles distant, but proximity to the railway station and other advantages favour the place for the purpose intended. The establishment dates

from 1897, the year after Persimmon's great victory. Here the Hackney stud was kept until its dispersal this year. Now there is accommodation for thirty-five mares, and this is being greatly extended. Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee have had boxes erected for them, high, spacious, and padded with cowhide. Close at hand is the covered in yard, roofed with frosted glass, padded throughout, and floored with tan. In the main yard are the boxes for the mares, which boxes, like everything else at Wolferton, are thoroughly up-to-date, and furnished with the latest contrivances, the foaling boxes especially being most admirably arranged to secure the comfort not only of the mares, but of their attendants, while the telephone is at hand to summon the stud groom and the veterinary surgeon in case of emergency.

It is scarcely necessary here to dilate on the performances of the three great stallions who have done so much for the reputation of Sandringham. Persimmon won £34,706 in stakes as the result of only nine appearances on the race-course, in all



W. A. Rouch.

TWO DERBY WINNERS AT EXERCISE. Copyright—"C.L."

(Persimmon leading Diamond Jubilee.)



W. A. Rouch.

DIAMOND JUBILEE.

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but two of which he was successful. His greatest achievements were, of course, the winning of the Derby and the Ascot Gold Cup; but as a two year old he had carried off the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, and the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood. In addition to the Derby, he won as a three year old the Doncaster St. Leger and the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket; and in 1897, besides the Ascot Gold Cup, he carried off the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. Of his offspring, the most distinguished has so far been Sceptre, for which Mr. Sievier paid 10,000 guineas as a yearling. These pages must go to press before Derby Day, but after her fine performance for the Two Thousand and the One Thousand Guineas it is believed among racing men that nothing except the fickleness of her sex in the leafy month of June will prevent her from winning the blue ribbon of the Turf.

Diamond Jubilee is almost as popular a sire as his celebrated brother, and promises to be quite as successful a stud horse. Few who recollect the extraordinary display of temper he made on a well-remembered day when he threw his jockey and bolted, and a few minutes after was seen docilely licking the hand of Jones, whom alone he seemed to fancy, would expect to see how much he has sobered down and become manageable. He won in stakes £29,985 10s. for his owner, his chief victories being, as a two year old, the Boscawen Stakes, £1,200; and as a three year old the Two Thousand Guineas, £4,700, the Newmarket Stakes, £3,425 10s., the Derby, £5,450, the Eclipse Stakes, £9,285, and the St. Leger, £5,125. About thirty mares have been selected for him for his first season—the fee is the same as that for Persimmon—and he has every appearance of begetting first-rate racing stock.

It may be useful here, while we are between Wolferton and

steeplechase at Aldershot. The colours had been registered for some time before, but were only seen at steeplechases till June 4th, 1886, when at Sandown the late Fred Archer won a maiden plate on Counterpane, a daughter of Hermit. The victory of Persimmon at Epsom, which produced one of the wildest scenes of excited enthusiasm ever witnessed on a Derby Day, was the



W. A. Rouch.

YEARLING COLT BY PERSIMMON—LAODAMIA.

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culminating point, though the victories of Diamond Jubilee and Ambush II. have been almost equally well received. His Majesty's best years were 1891, when his winnings were £4,148; 1894, when they were £3,499; 1896, when he was second with £26,819; 1897, when they came to £15,770; 1898, when they were £6,560; and 1900, when they reached the grand total of £29,585. These figures are sufficient in themselves to show that a clear and cool brain has been behind everything here as in all else attempted by the King.

Originally the stud was formed under the advice and superintendence of John Porter, and the training stables were at Kingsclere; latterly the management has been committed to the very competent hands of Lord Marcus Beresford and Richard Marsh. Edmund Walker, at one time stud groom to Fred Archer, has charge of the stud farm. Among the things done by John Porter, one of the most fortunate was the purchase of that grand brood mare Perdita II., dam of the three greatest Sandringham horses—Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Florizel II. She died in 1899 after giving birth to Nadejda, a black filly from whom great things are still expected. Her death occurred at the Welbeck Stud, where she had gone on a visit to St. Simon, the sire of her three most distinguished foals, and seemed to come about from what we call in men senile decay, for although she was only eighteen years old, she had done so much breeding as well as racing,

that she was older than her years. She was by Hampton out of Hermione, by Melbourne out of La Belle Hélène, by St. Alban.

There are eighteen brood mares at Sandringham, and the greatest things are expected of Laodamia. We give a picture of her and her foal by Persimmon. On the death of Mr. W. V.



W. A. Rouch.

YEARLING COLT BY PERSIMMON—LA CAROLINA.

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Sandringham, to give a brief review of His Majesty's career on the Turf. One may say it has lasted for twenty-two years, since it was in April, 1880, that his colours were first seen on a racecourse, "the purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves, black velvet cap, with gold fringe," being carried to victory by Captain Wentworth Hope Johnstone upon Leonidas II. in a military

Fulton, she was purchased by Lord Marcus Beresford for the Royal Stud at a price of 3,500 guineas. This was not so much, however, as was given for Vane, sister to Flying Fox, for whom 4,300 guineas was paid; Wheatley, a smart little mare, was bought for 1,800 guineas; Spyglass cost 1,550 guineas, and Rose Madder 1,000 guineas. The following is a list of the mares now at Sandringham: Leveret, by Galopin out of Sacrifice, by Hampton; Courtly, out of Little Lady, by Hampton out of Rosicrucian; La Carolina, by Sterling out of Cherry Duchess, by The Duke; Laodamia, by Kendal out of Chrysalis, by Lecturer; Troumme, by St. Simon out of Fanchette, by Speculum; Pierrette, by Mask out of Poetry, by Petrarch; Meadow Chat, by Minting out of Stone Clink, by Speculum; Vane, by Orme out of Vampire, by Galopin; Tears of Joy, by Amphion out of Merry Dance, by Doncaster; Cheveronny, by Timothy out of Chevaliere, by Dutch Skater; Wheatley, by Orme out of Horace, by Hermit; Rose Madder, by Rosebery out of Madrigal, by Speculum; Fanchette, by Speculum out of Reticence, by Vespaian; Nunsuch, by Nunthorpe out of La Morlaye, by Doncaster; Azeza, by Surefoot out of Perdita II., by Hampton; Red Enamel, by Arbitrator out of Levity, by Bend Or; Chateleine, by Bend Or out of Chanoinesse, by Newminster.

There are in the stud nine yearlings, of which probably the bay colt by Persimmon out of Laodamia has the brightest future in front of him. Other two colts by the same sire are respectively out of Meadow Chat and La Carolina, both promising youngsters, though La Carolina's son takes the eye rather more than the other. We show a photograph of the colt by Orme out of Leveret,

who shows a family resemblance to his renowned sire. A bay colt from Azeza by St. Simon is a little backward, but may pick up as his relation did as a two year old. There are four fillies, comprising the first - born of Nunsuch by Persimmon, a chestnut by the same sire out of Fanchette, a brown filly by Florizel II. out of Eventail, and a chestnut filly by Persimmon out of Merrie Lassie, who died a few weeks after foaling. In these, if we mistake not, will be found abundant means of sustaining the great reputation already achieved by the King's stables, and it need scarcely be said that under Messrs. Walker's excellent management they are all in the very pink of condition. This outline, vague as

it is, will give some idea of the excellence of King Edward's thorough-bred stud. It has taken no account of Florizel II., who, after doing so well on the course, became, in his first year at the stud, the sire of two such horses as Doricles and Volodyovski. He stands at the Heath Stud Farm, Newmarket, which, as need hardly be said, is under the control of Lord Marcus Beresford, and his success is another tribute to the merits of Perdita II., the star of Sandringham. She is buried there, and we understand that a monument is to be erected to her memory, with an inscription setting forth the deeds of her progeny. Never did mare more thoroughly merit such an honour. And the best we can wish the King as a sportsman is that he may soon come to possess a worthy successor to her.

Sporting men will be interested to see a photograph of the fine old mare whose progeny has shed such lustre on the King's stable, and the two photographs of Persimmon, which exhibit that grand horse first as he was in his early stud days, and then as he appears now. It will readily be agreed that the sea air agrees very well with his constitution, and that he is in the pink of condition.



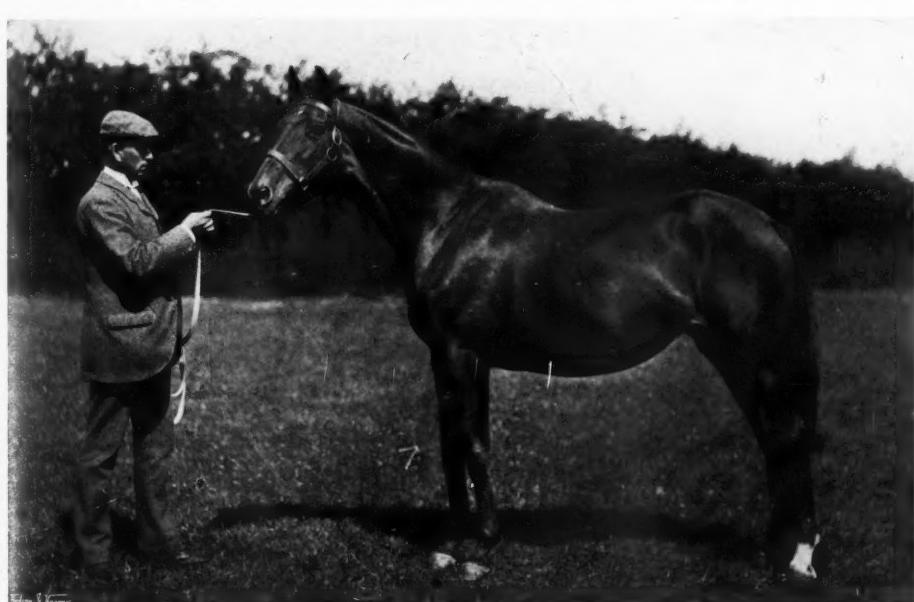
W. A. Rouch. LAODAMIA, WITH FOAL BY PERSIMMON.

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W. A. Rouch. YEARLING COLT BY ORME—LEVERET.

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W. A. Rouch. PERDITA II., A MOTHER OF HEROES.

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IT is matter of no common gratification to be able to produce at this interesting moment in the lives of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, and for that matter in the national life also, the very beautiful and complete series of pictures of the interiors of rooms at Sandringham House which are the excuse for and the cause of this article. Of them it is not much to say that they illustrate, with a fulness unexampled as yet, the actual surroundings of the King and Queen in that most pleasant country home in Norfolk, which has been theirs since they were first married nearly forty years ago. Of some owners of great estates and huge houses it has been said, often and but too truly, that they have many palaces but no home; but that most certainly cannot be said of the King and Queen, who have made Sandringham and Marlborough House, both of them, into real homes in which is to be traced not merely the handiwork of this or that servant, but the influence of the personal taste of the master and of the mistress. If the question arose whether Marlborough House or Sandringham was to be placed first in the affections of the family during the period preceding the

King's accession, it would have to be said that there is authority for stating that Marlborough House was regarded as home, *par excellence*; but there is certainly no doubt that both the King and Queen are very deeply attached to the beautiful house and estate in East Anglia, which, through the wisdom of the Prince Consort, was purchased out of the savings of the minority of the Prince of Wales of the last half of the nineteenth century.

One might almost say that Sandringham has everything in its favour. It is approached through natural moorland, well-planted but not over-planted with conifers and other trees, up a sharp hill from which there is a fine prospect of the Wash. A better tract of land for keeping together a great head of game and for showing it in a sportsmanlike fashion it would be impossible to conceive, and the King and the Prince of Wales, keen and excellent shots as both of them are, never get better shooting than is shown to them at home. The air is perfect and very bracing. The park is well timbered, and the trees on either side of the road leading to Dersingham are particularly fine. Finally, Sandringham is a house and a home, not a palace, and



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THE PRINCIPAL DRAWING-ROOM.

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it is at Sandringham that both King and Queen have elected to keep those dear concernings of their lives which are the things which make home a reality. There they are the squire and the lady of the manor. There they obtain as near an approach to rest and quietness as their exalted rank permits them to enjoy at any time. There those to whom is accorded the rare privilege of inspecting the rooms in which the King and Queen spend their most homelike days may see a hundred traces of their presence and their predilections.

In the whole certain special characteristics are noticeable. First, both King and Queen, particularly the former, of course, have been great travellers and collectors while they travelled. There is not a corner in the house, not a passage or a corridor, which is not full of mementoes of these days of travel. Literally it seems as if, when more interesting objects are collected, as they surely will be, there will be no sort of place to put them in. Next, of mere splendour there is not much, but of substantial comfort there is a great deal. Finally, "sweetness and light," to borrow Matthew Arnold's phrase without applying it quite in his way, are the keynotes of the arrangements of the house. The sunlight penetrates everywhere, the rooms are bathed in it. Every room leaves on the mind an abiding conviction of shining

wall of this delightful room opposite the windows is completely lined with well-selected and well-bound books, far and away the best adornment that can be given to any room, and other book-cases, standing at right angles to the outer wall and between the windows, divide the whole into three parts. A more inviting room, or series of rooms, it would be difficult to conceive, and it is not in the least surprising to learn that the family spend a great deal of time in it. Canon Hervey, the rector of Sandringham, whose church and rectory are within the park and close at hand, performs the duties of librarian, and in the centre of the great book shelves which line the sides of the room is a little box containing tickets to be filled up by visitors who may wish to borrow books, with an accompanying table of instructions, for the King is, as is generally known, remarkably methodical in his habits, and it is to this quality, combined with his powers of early rising, that he owes his extraordinary capacity for accomplishing an almost superhuman quantity of work.

Since there is no particular reason for describing the other rooms in the house in any order of precedence, perhaps it may be just as well to take them in the order in which they were visited by the representative of *COUNTRY LIFE*, under the kindly guidance of Mrs. Butler, the Sandringham housekeeper. First



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

purity, which is helped not a little by the numerous statuary in white marble, particularly in the drawing-rooms, which open one into another. Then there are flowers and plants in every place where room can possibly be found for them, stately palms in the flower court, cut flowers and plants without number in the drawing-rooms, so that the air is sweet, but by no means heavy, with their scent. In a word, Sandringham is not grand; it is not meant so to be; but it is essentially and emphatically bright and comfortable.

During these recent days the favourite room in the whole house is one which does not appear in these pictures, for, although they have not been taken long, it was not yet complete when they were taken. It is known as the new library. In days gone by it was the bowling alley. It is a long room on the ground floor, as might be guessed from the fact that it was the bowling alley. It is flooded with light from numerous windows looking west, and over a sunk lawn meet for croquet or bowls, and also over the lake, on which skating is enjoyed in winter. In passing, it may be remembered that the Queen, as might be expected of a Danish maiden, was a skilful skater as a young woman, and that she was on the ice at Virginia Water within a few hours of the birth of Prince Albert Victor. The

came the ballroom, which is really noble in its proportions. Over the musicians' gallery was hanging then, as in the picture, a magnificent white tiger skin presented to the King by the Maharaja of Kutch Behar. In position, too, were the colours, which are also to be seen in the picture, but of the trophies of the chase there were some more, hanging, as a matter of fact, over the balustrade immediately over the head of the man in armour who is in the left-hand corner of the picture. These were furs which had been brought home by the present Prince of Wales from his Imperial tour. One noticed, too, that the clock on the mantelpiece was, to all appearance, half-an-hour fast, and the fact of the matter is that Sandringham (where there are a very large number of clocks, for the King is the soul of punctuality) is deliberately kept half-an-hour ahead of Greenwich. Time was when this practice was regarded as a kind of harmless eccentricity on the part of the squire of Sandringham. But a few years ago, when the German Emperor was his uncle's guest during a shooting party, and the ubiquitous and ever-curios journalist indulged himself in speculations and witticisms concerning the meaning of this practice, it was thought worth while to explain it. The reason is very simple. It is that the King and Prince of Wales are both of them eager sportsmen, that winter days

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THE BALLROOM.

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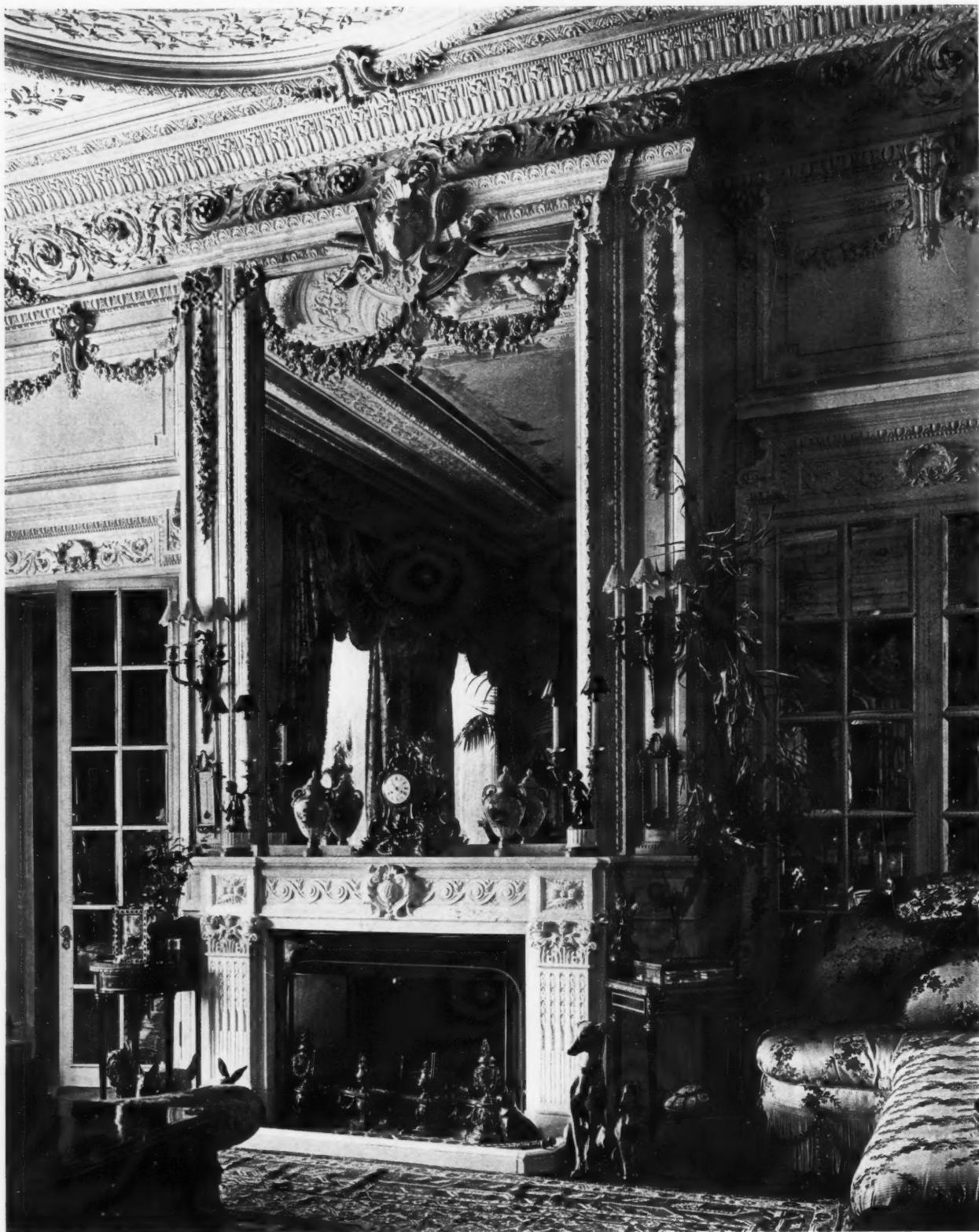


are short, and there is a tendency for shooting parties to begin so late as to waste a large portion of the day. Therefore guests and visitors to Sandringham were early given to understand that at Sandringham, Sandringham time was kept. If they were asked to assemble at a given rendezvous for shooting at ten, that really meant—and still means—half-past nine; and so you get half-an-hour more of daylight.

For the rest, the ballroom needs scarcely more of description than the picture gives to the eye; but it is perhaps permissible to point out that the armour and weapons on the walls, collected by the King during his travels in the East, are of quite exceptional beauty, and the woodwork, particularly that of the floor, which is, of course, all-important in a ballroom, is of unusually sound and workmanlike quality. Indeed, this may be a convenient moment for saying that all through the house the oak is far better, sounder, and more completely seasoned than in any house of even date known to the writer. As the light shows, there is a large window immediately opposite the fireplace, and

by it stand, invisible in the picture, some camel-drums, reminiscences of the Soudan, presented by Lord Kitchener, and the gorgeous caparison of the elephant ridden by the King when, as Prince of Wales, he was present at a great occasion of State in India.

Immediately opposite the musicians' gallery, occupying the position of one who is looking at the picture, is a curious stained-glass window. Now, at first sight it might seem that a stained-glass window was out of place in a ballroom, which, in the nature of things, is generally used at night; for it is a commonplace of observation which any reader may verify next time he happens to attend Evening Service, that when there are lights inside a building the beauty of a stained-glass window is completely lost to those who are themselves inside the edifice; but thought has been given to this point also, and there is an ingenious arrangement of light behind the stained-glass window, so that it is capable of being illuminated for the benefit of the eyes of the dancers. It may be mentioned in passing that the





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A SMALL DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ceiling of the saloon of the Royal yacht Ophir was illuminated in the same way. Above this window, again, are tattered colours, each with its history.

Hardly less interesting than the ballroom are its anteroom and corridor, of which the latter is very long. In the anteroom is Mr. Herbert Johnstone's well-known picture of the King engaged in tiger shooting. In the corridor is Emil Adam's picture of the King shooting in Austria. As for the corridor itself, it is a veritable museum, full of very fine armour and weapons, and remarkable for a large collection of ivory tusks, some of them exquisitely carved. Here, too, are busts in white marble of various members of the Royal Family.

Of the dining-room the picture gives as good an impression as it is possible for photography to render. The feature of the room is the tapestries, which come out very well in the photograph—perhaps, indeed, even a little better than is their due. Beautiful work as they are, they were a present from the King of Spain, but their colouring was originally somewhat crude.

As time has gone on, however, they have mellowed not a little, and they now impart real character to the room. In a few years they will be better still. Here, again, the excellent quality of the woodwork is very noticeable, and above the fireplace, which is immediately opposite the door and out of sight, is a most perfect stand of armour.

The pictures of the various drawing-rooms, of which the particularly handsome ceilings are a marked feature, will, no doubt, possess a special interest for our readers, for they are full of evidence of the personal tastes of Queen Alexandra, whose portrait by Edward Hughes is their proudest ornament. Mr. Hughes is no Gainsborough, but in the production of what may be called "pleasant family likenesses" he is without a rival; and this particular portrait of Queen Alexandra is one of the most successful that he has ever done. Generally throughout the drawing-rooms is to be traced, in addition to the "sweetness and light" of which mention has been made before, the set policy of preferring those pictures which have associations to

those which have merely artistic merit. There is, for example, a huge picture of the marriage of Princess Charles of Denmark, which occupies a very prominent position. Of this picture it is said that it grows upon those who know it, and certainly in the matter of plain portraiture it leaves little to be desired. There is also Winterhalter's picture of Queen Victoria, a good likeness. Almost put aside are Sir

Edwin Landseer's portrait of himself with two dogs, which is quite in his best manner, and a famous picture by Mr. Val Prinsep. Photographs there are without number, and flowers in great profusion. In the drawing-rooms (that is the way to describe them, for they open into one another) is a great deal also of



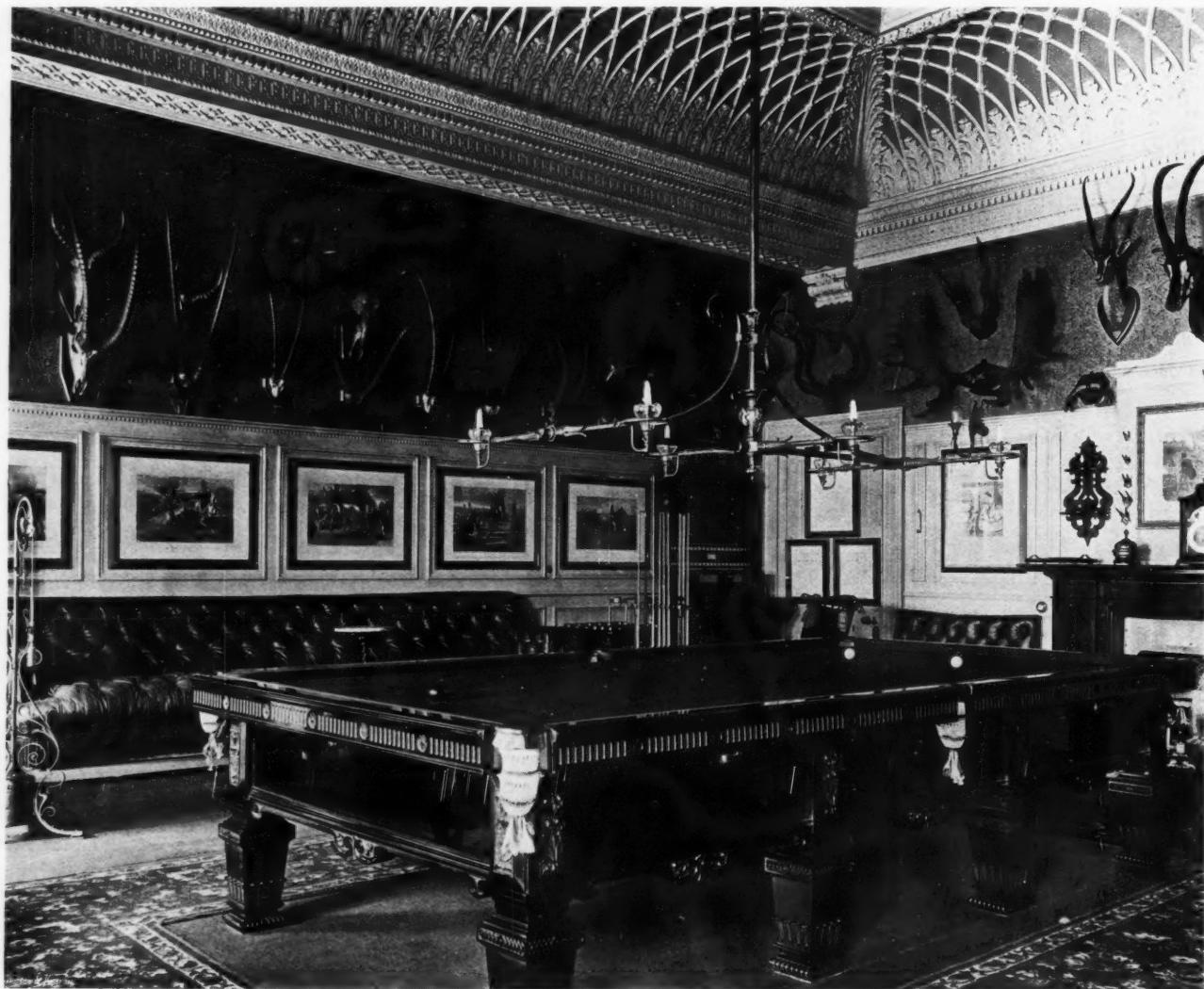
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THE FLOWER COURT.

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Danish china, remarkable for its fine glaze and purity of design; but the most striking things about the drawing-rooms are the numerous collections in show tables and in cabinets, not only of china, but also of pretty little curios. Of the Dresden china one picture gives a good idea, and it can readily be imagined that a little model in Dresden china of a bureau or chest of drawers, all of which open and shut as if

they were real, will be found particularly attractive. Very fascinating, too, are endless little green frogs with ruby eyes, and dogs' heads and jewelled heads for umbrellas or parasols, and countless white elephants and pigs which are to be found in the rooms. Among the statues are two very pretty "Bathing



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BILLIARD ROOM AND TROPHIES.

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KING'S BREAKFAST-ROOM.

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"Girls" by Madam J. Jerichaud, "Cupid Blindfolding Venus," and a "Puck on a Toadstool." Mention must also be made of a magnificent portrait of the Empress of Russia and of a very striking collection of miniatures, including one beautiful "Charles the First." In fact, the drawing-rooms are emphatically the Queen's rooms. Outside, and looking on to the terrace, is a space sheltered by an awning, which is frequently used for afternoon tea.

The hall, or saloon, is, as the picture proves to the eye at once, an emphatically noble room, lofty and well-proportioned. A huge brown bear, stuffed and standing on his hind legs, salutes the visitor as he enters, and over the door is an inscription simply stating that the house was built by the King and Queen Alexandra in 1870, that is to say, it was rebuilt then. Here, too, are numerous trophies of the chase, including (besides the splendid heads that are seen) the fierce head of a Chillingham bull which fell to the King's rifle years ago, and two wicked-looking bears' heads. The pictures include a pathetic portrait of the late Duke of Clarence and the present Prince of Wales in their midshipmen's uniforms, and an excellent portrait of Dean Stanley, who,

it will be remembered, was closely associated with the King during his tour in Egypt and in the Holy Land, and was often at Sandringham later. Of one of Dean Stanley's visits to Sandringham, during the Easter following the tour in Palestine, he has himself left a most touching account, in which he describes how Queen Alexandra was instructed by him in the little differences between the Danish and the Anglican communion services. Prominent, too, is a picture of Bernsdorff, which was Queen Alexandra's home, and another of Copenhagen. Indeed, throughout the house is abundant evidence that the Queen never forgets that she is a Dane.

Somehow or other there seem to be more long passages or corridors in Sandringham than in most houses, except Osborne, and a week might be spent in merely cataloguing the objects of interest on the walls of any one of them. This is especially true of the billiard-room corridor, which is literally crammed with ivory and trophies of the chase, and all sorts of weapons. There between two Crimean shells stands the shell which was fired into Mafeking on November 9th, 1899, and presented to the King by Captain Gordon Wilson as a birthday present.



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A LITERARY CORNER.

"C.L."

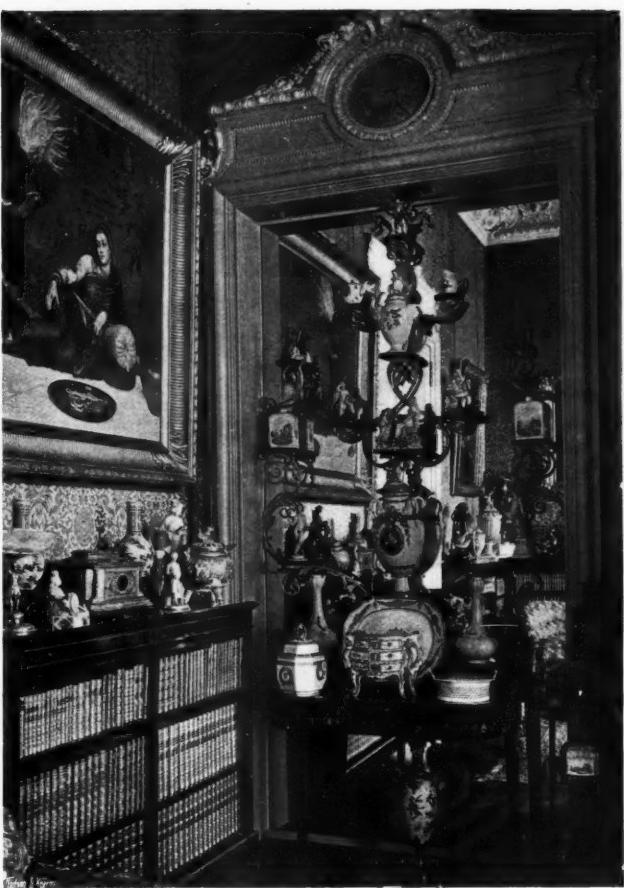
There, again, is a very curious collection of odds and ends belonging to the Queen, including the revolver, covered with rust, which "I picked up" in the Crimea in 1869. This was on the occasion, of course, when the King and Queen made their famous cruise in H.M.S. *Ariadne*, visiting the Sultan and inspecting the field of Alma under the guidance of Dr. Russell, afterwards Sir William Russell, and taking luncheon in a Tartar farmhouse which had been used as a field hospital. Here, too, close by the billiard-room door is a large gong, a present from the East, which is used but once a year to ring out the Old Year and welcome the new one.

The billiard-room itself is quite one of the brightest rooms in the house, and just what a billiard-room should be. All the pictures are sketches by John Leech, and they are all familiar friends—one cannot have too much of John Leech. The trophies here are good, especially the moose heads, some of which are very fine; and a small table near the window, made of rhinoceros hide, cannot fail to attract notice. Here also are Mafeking shells.

Space will hardly permit a detailed description of some of the other rooms of Sandringham; of the North Hall, which contains one piece of exceptionally good oak carving; of the Serapis room, so called because its chairs are the same that were used in the Serapis on the occasion of the King's Indian tour; of the Equerries' rooms, which are in the nature of libraries; of General Sir Dighton Probry, V.C.'s, plain room, in which much hard work is done; of the private telegraph office, the telephone exchange (for the telephone is very much used in the Royal Household); of the Flower Court, where, under the shadow of palm trees, the occupants of Sandring-

ham from time to time may enjoy the post-prandial cigarette. But there remain two rooms of special interest, because they are the special territory of the King. First of them is his library, furnished in oak and dark blue leather, and communicating with the Equerries' rooms, remarkable mainly for its simplicity of equipment and for its air of businesslike order. Here it is that the main part of the King's business is conducted. Finally, a more intimate room, if the phrase may be used, and one of infinite charm, is the King's breakfast-room. It is a room in two parts, so to speak, a room in which are countless personal photographs, many of them in a large and movable oak screen rear the door. Noteworthy are the pictures of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, and a remarkably fine series of sporting sketches by illustrious English artists, and the whole room breathes the atmosphere of quiet comfort. It is, so to speak, the King's sanctum, in which he breakfasts, usually alone, probably in the inner division, and from the outer part, which looks out on to a lawn, he may often see, as the writer saw when he went down to put these scanty notes together, one of the Prince of Wales's sons trotting past on his pony in the care of a groom. That, indeed,

was just the finishing touch which was required to make the writer feel the full value and the responsibility of the right which had been given to him. He was moving through the private rooms in the country home of the King and Queen, looking at the memorials, the pictures, the portraits, and the thousand-and-one knick-knacks which indicated their tastes and recalled many episodes, grave and gay, in their lives, while they were absent. It was a privilege indeed.



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD & NEW

THE GARDENS AT . . . FROGMORE and WINDSOR.

SINCE the time when William the Conqueror laid the foundation of Windsor Castle a succession of English sovereigns has each added to it an expression of his or her individuality, and that of the longest lived of them all lingers there still. Frogmore especially represents the tastes and character of Queen Victoria, just as Sandringham, the place which has, so to speak, grown up under his ownership, represents those of King Edward VII. Already the place is being changed and modified. Throughout her whole life, but especially towards the end, Queen Victoria had the affection of a strong nature for what was old and endeared by long association, so that she was averse to even necessary improvements if they involved the removal of ancient landmarks. And what a great deal Windsor and Frogmore must have been to her! It was her stately and historic home during life, and for long years of widowhood she contemplated sleeping in death side by side with her beloved husband under the mausoleum she had erected to his memory. Set there in stillness amid sombre green trees it suggests Goethe's solemn line, "Stars silent over us, graves under us silent." Within a hundred yards is the tomb of her

dear mother, the Duchess of Kent, so that she lived here in daily communion with the dead, pondering often no doubt of the time when she, too, would pass and her bones would rest here, and she become a memory only. "*Vivat Rex!*" we may shout, but here at Frogmore the late Queen seems still to reign. One is shown the simple tea-house where so much of her time was spent. Close to it are two very fine old evergreen oaks, holm or holly oaks as they are sometimes called. Between them and under the shade cast by the dark foliage of their gnarled limbs she used to have her tent put up, and here she received the endless visitors who came about affairs, Cabinet Ministers, diplomats, and the others who have business with Royalty. As the writer was looking at the place one fine spring day the yaffle was laughing, the cuckoo shouting, and the little birds singing, while early blossoms were out and the sward was white with daisies. One thought of her then not as the aged and wise Monarch to whom we had grown accustomed, but as the fresh girl-Queen who so long ago ascended the throne. She ever delighted in trees, and there are few parts about Frogmore that are not distinguished by extraordinary specimens. There is the beautiful lime avenue,



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THE ROSE GARDEN.

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June 7th, 1902.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

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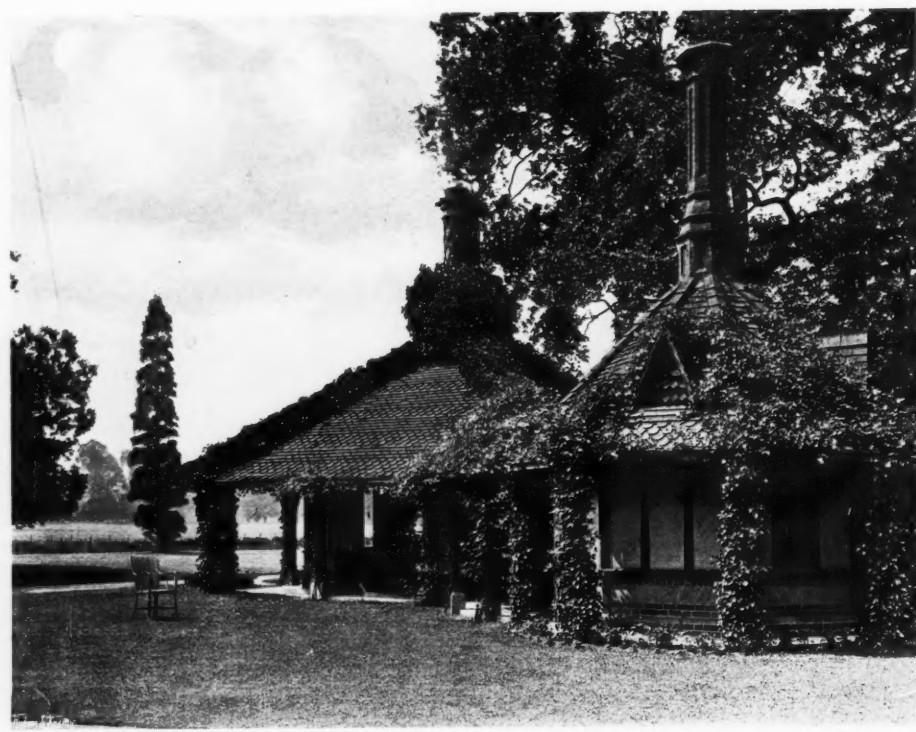
FROM THE BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright

[June 7th, 1902.]

one of the finest extant, and in which the upper parts of the trees are thick with bunches of mistletoe—we know of no other place in England where it grows more profusely. Not far from the Duchess of Kent's tomb there are three remarkable trees. One is a maidenhair, *Salisburia adiantifolia*, said to be the finest of its kind in Europe, and, whether that be so or not, a most graceful and elegant specimen. Another is a towering deciduous cypress, and the third a Californian *Thuja gigantea*, planted by the Princess Hohenlohe in 1857. Of a curious historical interest is the well-known Luther beech. Its history is written in the tablet placed at its root. "This tree was raised from the beech tree near Altenstem, in the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, called Luther's Beech, under which Dr. Martin Luther was arrested and conducted from thence to Wartburg in 1521. The little offshoot was brought to England from Meiningen by King William IV



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THE TEA-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in 1825, and planted by Queen Adelaide near the house at Bushey Park. Her Majesty bequeathed it in her last will to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the request that it might be transplanted into the enclosure at Adelaide Cottage."

This was successfully done in 1856. Queen Adelaide's Cottage was originally a keeper's lodge, but was greatly enlarged and improved. Very pretty and attractive it looked with its surrounding borders of simple spring flowers—primroses, wallflowers,

forget-me-nots, and the like, all in the first freshness of their early bloom. From the park many of the dead trees have been removed during the present season, and among them the one that used to be called Herne's Oak. As the late Queen increased in age she grew ever more conservative in her tastes, and scarce would permit even the dead and rotten timber to be removed. Who does not remember the legend



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FROM THE ISLAND

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June 7th, 1902.]

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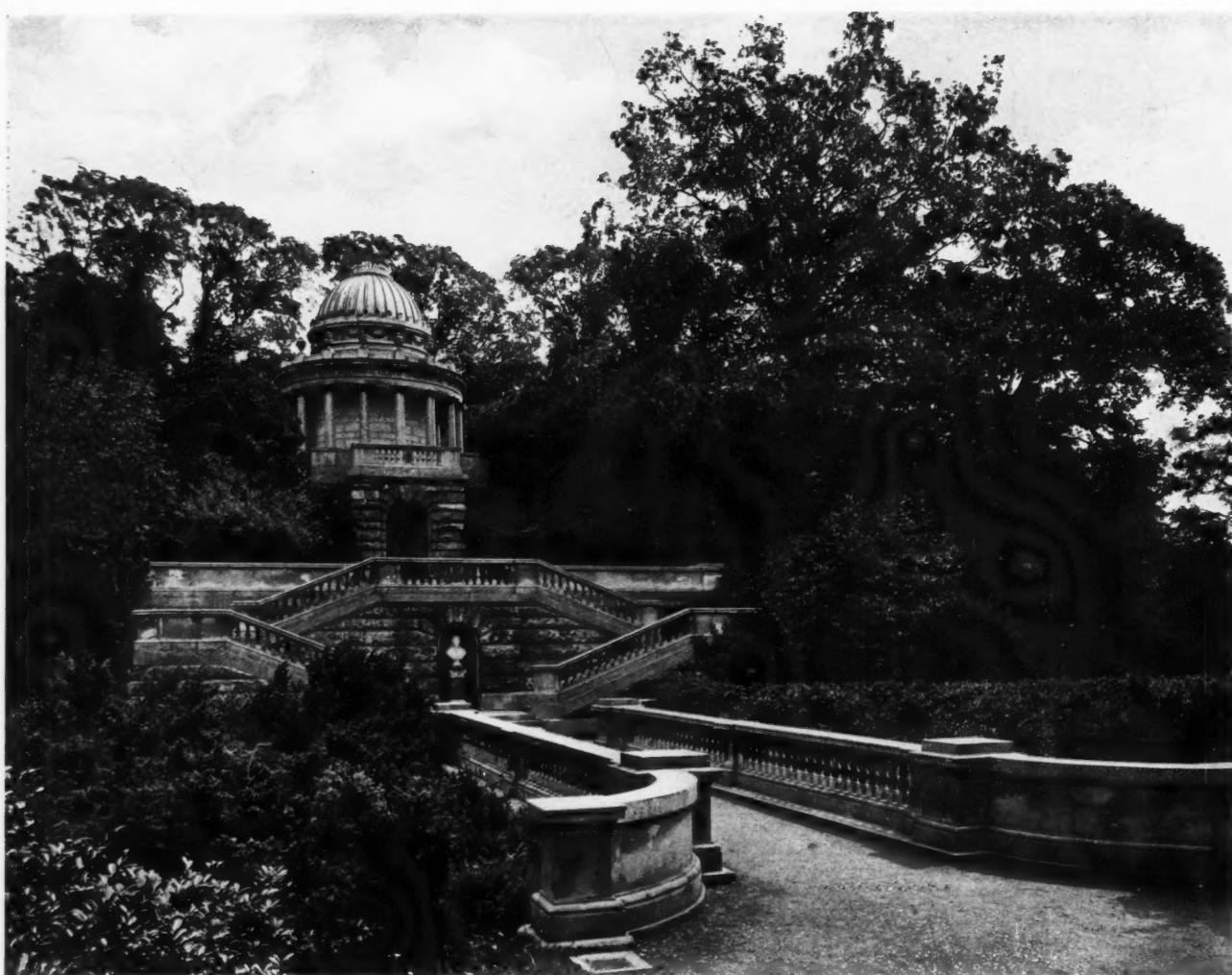
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THE GOTHIC RUINS.

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THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S MAUSOLEUM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the oak, of which such clever use was made by the Merry Wives?

"There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eel
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

The legend has long lost what actuality it ever had, but one could scarcely pass through Windsor Forest without being stirred by memories of Shakespeare's frolicsome play. And many of the ancient venerable oaks stand there much as they did in his time. We had occasion to show in our pages not long ago, by comparing a picture of an oak as it was two hundred years ago with a photograph taken recently, that a couple of centuries can pass over a tree of this kind and

not destroy it. No records exist to prove absolutely how old are the oaks in Windsor Forest, but there would not appear to be anything extravagant in the guess that some of them were already growing when William chose that particular spot for a stronghold, because among other reasons it was a convenient position for hunting the tall deer. As a number of the oaks were probably self-sown, it is no extravagant surmise that some of them may be approaching a thousand years of age. In fact, the appearance of some at the present moment is in every way calculated to confirm the conjecture. From the top of the round tower it is said you can look out on bits of thirteen different counties, the prospect resembling one of almost unbroken billowy woodland—proof positive, if any were needed, that the chalk under-soil is extremely favourable to the growth of heavy timber. In the Windsor grounds it is most exuberant, so much so as to obstruct the very fine views that would otherwise present themselves. Queen Victoria appears to have had a great dislike to cutting down anything. A great deal can be said in favour of that. The stillness and seclusion which form the main characteristics of the place gain very



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LAKE AND BRIDGE TO THE ISLAND.

"C.L."

June 7th, 1902.]

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THE PRIVATE GARDEN.

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FROGMORE FROM THE LAKE.

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THE WEST LAKE.

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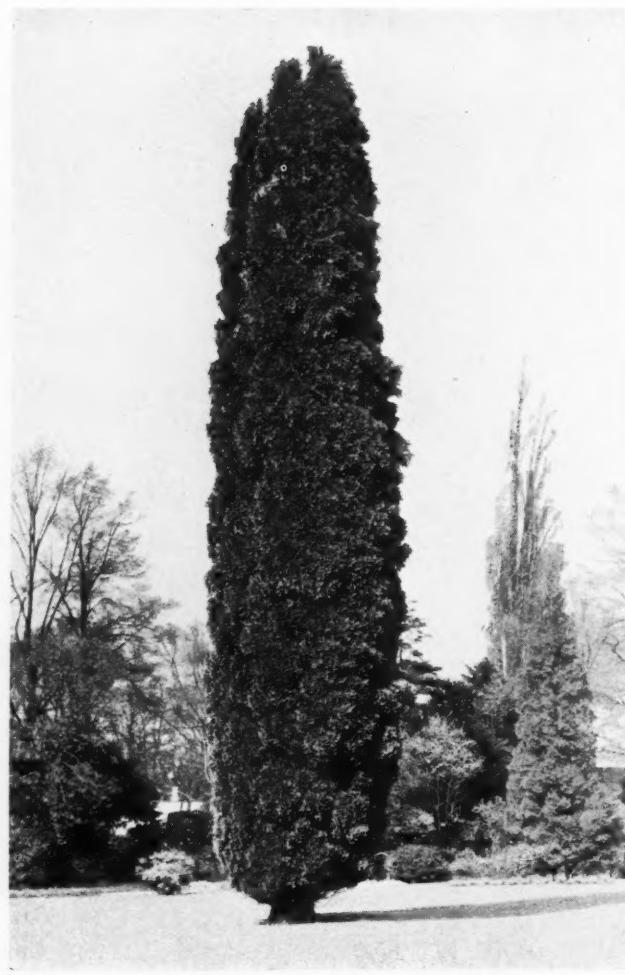
A MARBLE URN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[June 7th, 1902.]

much by it, and these are what she most enjoyed. One sees it in everything she did and left behind her, most of all perhaps in her favourite and private garden. Here the spectator breathes a very old-world air. It is surrounded with thick yew hedges that themselves testify to the clipping and care of several generations—how many or how long it would be difficult to say. Then you come first to tiny flower-plots laid out in the formal simple style of the early Georgian period. Each has its tiny box edging, and the general effect is that one might feel on being carried back for at least two hundred years. Here again the Queen followed her fine conservative instincts, and would allow no modernisation to be attempted. Plot and box edging and yew hedge are to all appearances left exactly as she found them. But the rose garden at the further end has, of course, received the magnificent roses developed by scientific nineteenth century horticulture. The writer did not visit it when the roses were out, so that he must leave the photograph to tell its own tale of what the effect is like. In all the grounds, however, there is nothing more eloquent of the late Queen's tastes than this exquisite private garden. We say exquisite not as implying that it is especially fine and beautiful, but only that it embodies so perfectly the character of the late Queen. You can see in her language as well as in her acts that she loved a direct and simple effect. That was what made her annual sojourn at Balmoral so pleasant. There she was not obliged to keep up the state and ceremony of Windsor, but was more in the position of a private lady. At first blush it may appear that this garden, with its neatness and formality, must have appealed to another side of her nature. It was not so in reality. She accepted it as it had been handed down, and from early youth her eyes had been accustomed to it. Time and long usage had imparted to it a sweetness of their own. And in a garden to which one resorts mainly for privacy, an important object to aim at is the avoidance of all those changes and alterations that tend to distract thought. The eye at such times does not wish to be startled by new beauties; sufficient is it if there is nothing to offend, nothing to disturb the restfulness that forms the greatest of all charms. And it is easy to believe that in this seclusion the widowed Queen, wearied with State business, and escaping for the time from family thoughts and anxieties, found solace and refreshment.

This quiet feeling is very characteristic of Frogmore. The house itself is elegant rather than grand. It was endeared to the Queen by having been so long the resi-



A COLUMNAR CONIFER AT FROGMORE.

but as our artist has obtained a picture of the Indian Kiosk it may be worth while to explain that it was one of the treasures chosen for the late Queen by Earl Canning, the first Viceroy of India, after the capture of Lucknow in 1858. It came from the Kaiserbagh with the two famous elephants on the East Terrace at Windsor Castle. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the terrace, the beauty of which will be very greatly enhanced in future for the King's guests, since the gallery adjoining is having placed in it the splendid statuary collected by the late Sovereign, and kept by her at Osborne. The workmen were very busy with their task when the writer was there, and the rich statues lay in disorder—nymphs and fauns, French guard and Greek satyr, mortal and immortal—but when

set on their pedestals and reduced to order they will form a noble gallery, and may be admired, so to speak, with one eye on the flowers of the garden into which it by many doors opens out. Our picture gives a very fair idea of the formal plots and trim shrubs and neat walks of the terrace, that elsewhere would be almost too precise, though here they are in keeping with the strong, stern lines of the castle that completely dominate every other feature of the landscape.

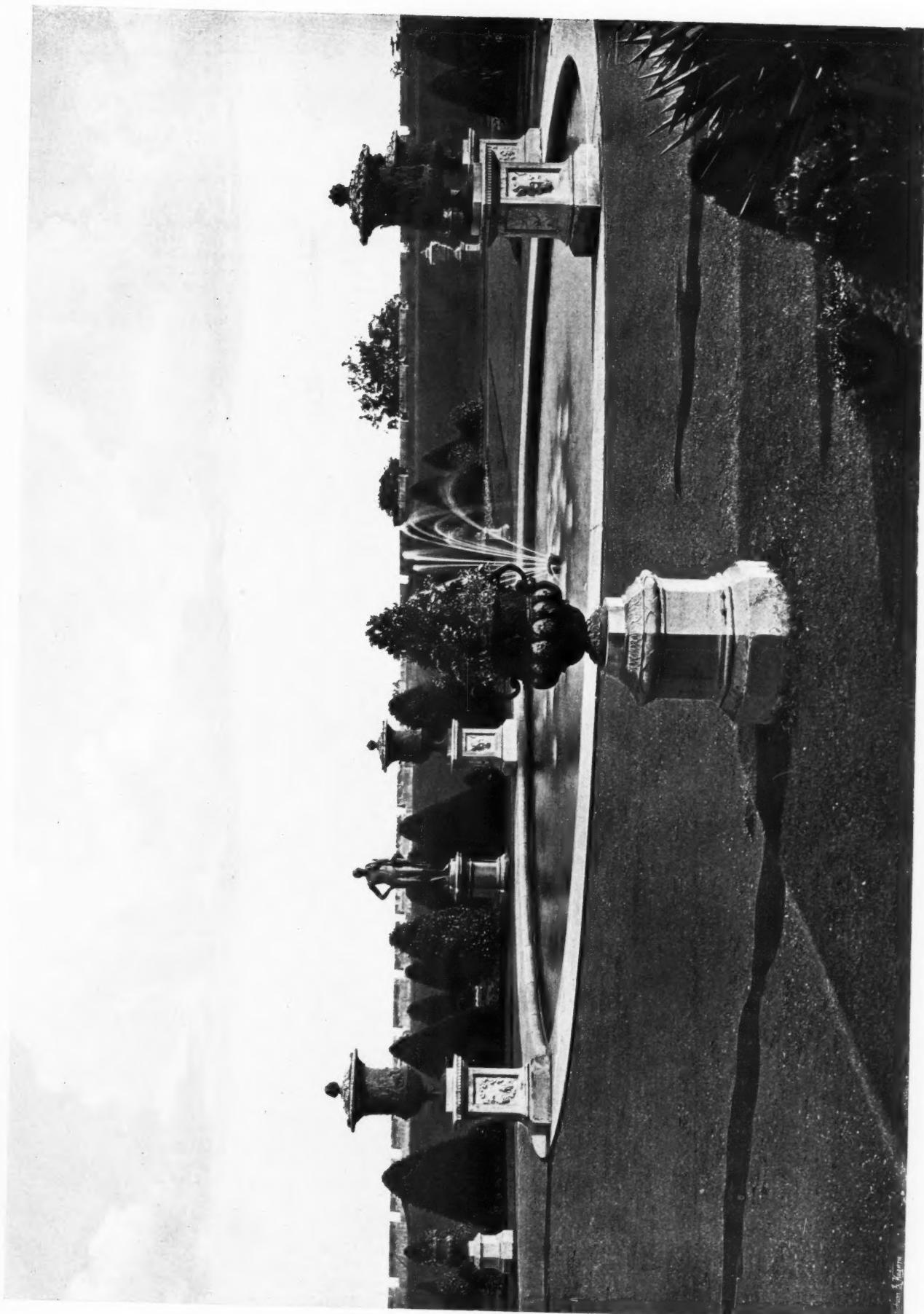


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June 7th, 1902.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

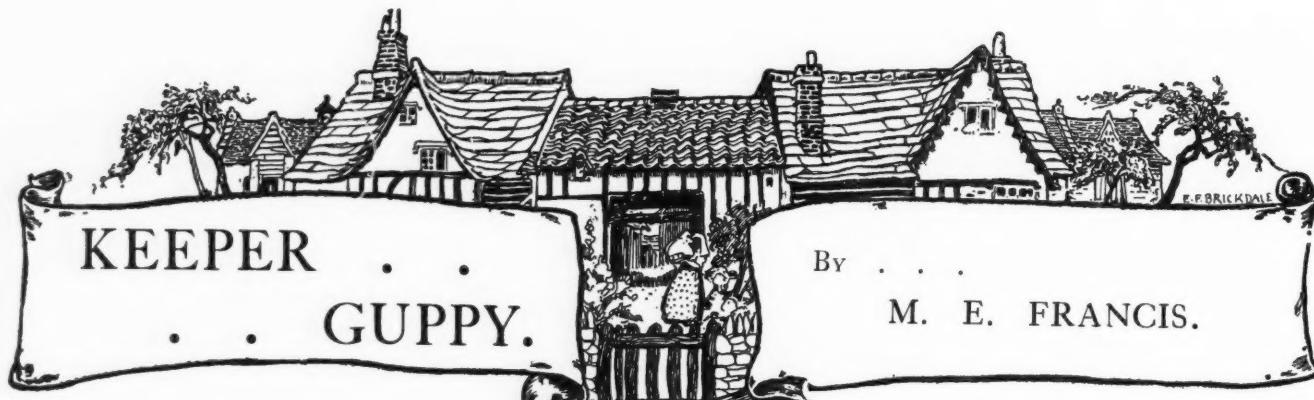
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LEAD VASES AND THE CASTLE TERRACE AT WINDSOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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KEEPER . . . GUPPY.

By . . .

M. E. FRANCIS.

"LARD ha' mercy me! What be doin', Jan? You that's only just out o' your bed! Whatever 'ud Doctor say? Boots too! Where be goin'?"

Old John Guppy cast a lowering glance at his spouse, and continued to button his gaiters in silence. This task concluded, he stretched out his hand and pointed imperatively to the gun slung over the chimney-piece.

"Reach that down," he commanded.

"Ye're never goin' out! You as has been four month and more on your back! What's the use on't? There's a new keeper yonder—new ways, and strangers pretty nigh everywhere. I'd ha' had a bit more sperrit nor to go up there where I bain't wanted."

"I be goin', woman. Squire do pay I money, an' I'll give en his money's worth. I must have an eye to things, or they'll be gettin' in a reg'lar caddle up yon. New keeper, he'll not know so very much about the place, and Jim—he were always a ter'ble sammy—he never did seem to see what was under his nose wi'out I were there to rub it into it."

"Well, but Jan, the bit o' money what Squire gives 'ee is a pension—same as what soldiers an' sick-like do get i' their ancient years. Squire don't expect 'ee to do no more work for en now, and ye be so fearful punished wi' the rheumatics, an' all. No—'Mrs. Guppy,' says Squire to I, so considerate as could be, 'Mrs. Guppy,' he says, 'Jan have served I faithful nigh upon two score year—now he can take a bit o' rest,' he says; 'I've a-made sure as he'll be comfortable in's old age. The pension 'ull be paid reg'lar so long as he do live,' says he, 'or so long as I do live,' he says, laughin' cheerful-like, 'for 'pon my word, I do think your Jan 'll very likely see I down—he be uncommon tough, so old as he mid be,' says Squire. 'And if I do go first, my son 'ull see as he wants for nothin' in his time,' he says. So let I light your pipe, Jan, my dear, and sit 'ee down sensible like, i' the chimbley corner—'tis the best place for 'ee, good man."

"You can light my pipe, if you like," said John, still gloomily, "but I be goin' up-along all the same. Things 'ull be goin' to ruin if I don't tell 'em how they used to be carried on i' my time."

"I'd low ye'll not get so far," said Mrs. Guppy; "but of all the obstinate men—well, there, 'tis a good thing as the A'mighty made half the world o' womenfolk, else everythin' 'ud be fair topsy-turvy."

John wedged his pipe firmly in the corner of his mouth, put his gun under his arm, and, taking his thick stick from the chimbley corner, set forth, without vouchsafing any answer; he limped painfully as he walked, and Mrs. Guppy, looking sorrowfully after him, opined that he'd have had enough of it afore he'd gone half a mile. But though she had been wedded to John for thirty-five years, she had not yet learned the quality of his spirit; he uttered many groans as he shambled along, and lifted the poor limb which had so long been well-nigh useless with increasing effort, but he held bravely on his way until he reached his destination, a vast stretch of land, half park, half down, peopled by innumerable rabbits and furnished with copses and plantations, which no doubt afforded cover to game of every kind. Here John paused for the first time, turned his head on one side, clicked his tongue, and jerked forward his gun with a knowing air as a rabbit crossed his path.

"If 't ad ha' been loaded I'd ha' made short work o' thee, my bwoy," he remarked. "There don't seem to be so many o' you about as there did used to be i' my time, though—not by a long ways. That there noo chap 'ull ha' let ye go down, I reckon. There bain't many like poor old Jan Guppy—nay, I'll say that for ye, Jan. You was worth your salt while you were about—e-es, and so long as ye be above ground I'd low you'll make it worth Squire's while to keep ye."

Having delivered this tribute to himself with a conscientiously impartial air, he proceeded on his way, and presently came in sight of the keeper's cottage, or rather lodge, set midway in the long avenue which led to the Squire's mansion,

and smiled to himself at the sudden outcry of canine voice which greeted his approach.

"There they be, the beauties! That's Jet—I'd know her voice among a thousand. I'd low she knows my foot," as one voice detached itself from the chorus and exchanged its warning note for a strangled whine of rapture. "She'll break that chain o' hers if they don't let her loose. 'Ullo, Jet, old girl! Hi, Rover! Pull up, Bess!"

All the barks had now ceased, and a pointer came scurrying to the gate, followed by a large retriever.

"There ye be, my lads—too fat, too fat. Ah, they be feedin' o' them too well now—not so good for work, I'd low! Poor old Jet! Ye be tied up, bain't ye? There, we'll come to ye."

Passing through the wicket-gate, he was limping unceremoniously round to the back of the cottage, when the door was thrown open and the astonished figure of the keeper's wife appeared in the aperture.

"Mornin', mum," said John, lifting his hand halfway to his forelock, which was his nearest approach to a polite salutation when in parley with folks of Mrs. Sanders's degree. "I be Mr. Guppy, what was keeper here afore your master. I be jist come to take a look about."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Sanders, who was a very genteel and superior person; "my husband would have had great pleasure in taking you round, Mr. Guppy, but he's out just at present."

"No matter for that, mum, I'll go by myself. What, Jet! There ye be, my beauty; dear, to be sure, a body 'ud never think 'twas the same dog. She do seem to ha' fell away ter'ble, mum."

Jet, a curly-coated black spaniel, was at that moment straining wildly at her chain, and wriggling her little black body in such spasms of ecstasy at the sight of her old master that it would have needed a very sharp eye to detect any alteration in her appearance, if, indeed, such existed; but John spoke in a tone of conviction.

"She bain't half the dog she were. What d'you feed her on, mum? Jet, she did used to be dainty—didn't ye, Jet? Her coat do stare dreadful, mum, now don't it? A prize dog didn't ought to have its coat neglected like that. When I had the charge o' she, dally! if I didn't comb and brush her morn an' night, same as if she'd been a young lady. Be dalled if I didn't! Where be your master, mum?"

Mrs. Sanders's face, always somewhat frosty in expression, had become more and more pinched and supercilious during the colloquy, and she now replied extremely distantly that she couldn't say for certain where Mr. Sanders might be, but that very likely he was looking after the young pheasants.

"Ah!" commented John, with interest; "and where mid he ha' got them this year?"

"On this side of the North Plantation," returned the lady unwillingly.

"A bad place, mum, a very bad place; no birds 'ull ever do well there. If he'd a-come to I, I could ha' telled en that. They'll never thrive up yon in that draughty place—po, that they won't; and it'll be too cold for 'em. I'm afear'd he'll have a bad season. The North Plantation—dear, some folks doesn't know much! Well, I'll go and have a look at 'em, and if I do see your husband I mid be able to gie en a word or two o' advice."

"Ho! no need for that, I think," cried Mrs. Sanders, wrathfully. "'Tisn't very likely as my husband, wot 'as lived in the fust o' families, and been keeper to a Markis, 'ud want to take advice from an old gentleman like you, Mr. Guppy, as has never left the one place all your life."

"I could have advised en agen the North Plantation, anyhow," said John, stolidly. "Well, I'll wish 'ee good day, mum. I'll be goin' my ways up-along."

And he hobbled off, muttering to himself as he went: "The North Plantation! The chap must be a fool! . . . They poor dogs, they was glad to see I!—jist about; but bain't he a sammy! There he do go and feed up the shooting dogs so as

they be for all the world like pigs, and Jet, what we used to keep same as a little queen, he do seem to take no more notice of nor if she was a cat! Poor Jet! How she did cry to get to I! Well, well! I may be able to put things straight a bit."

Proceeding at his slow pace, the pilgrimage to the North Plantation was a matter of considerable time, and it was noon before he halted at length beside the enclosure where hundreds of tiny pheasant chicks ran in and out of their several coops, with a venturesomeness much deplored by their distracted hen foster-mothers.

A tall, middle-aged man was walking about amid the pens, with a proudly proprietary air which announced him to be the head-keeper.

Guppy wiped the sweat of weakness and fatigue from his brow and uttered a quavering "Hullo!" Mr. Sanders turned and walked majestically towards him.

"What do you want?" he enquired, briefly.

"I be jist come up-along to have a look round," announced John. "I'm Mr. Guppy, what was here afore you. You be in my shoes now, I mid say, but I don't bear 'ee no grudge for't—no, I don't bear 'ee no grudge," he repeated, handsomely.

"Right," said Sanders, who was a good-humoured fel'ow enough, if a little puffed up by the dignity of his position. "Glad to see you, Mr. Guppy. We've got a nice lot here, haven't we?"

"'E-es," agreed Guppy, with a note of reserve in his voice; "'e-es, a tidyish lot; but you'll not bring up the half o' them."

did used to say to a cousin o' Squire's as used to come shooting here twenty-five year ago, and couldn't hit a haystack. 'There don't seem to be anything to shoot, keeper,' he'd say; and I'd answer back, 'Ye must ha' wonderful poor eyes, sir.' Ho, ho! he were a stuck-up sort o' gentleman as were always a-findin' fault and a-pickin' holes, but I mind I had a good laugh agen him once. 'Twas a ter'ble hot day, and we'd walked miles and miles, and I were a bit done-up at the end, and thankful for a sup o' beer. And he comes up to I, and says, laughin' nasty-like, 'Well, Guppy, you don't seem much of a walker. Now, I could go all day.' 'E-es, sir,' says I, 'and so can a postman. I'd 'low your bags 'ad much same weight at the end o' your rounds.'

Sanders vouchsafed no comment on this anecdote, and John, propping his stick against the paling, proceeded with much difficulty to climb over it, and to hobble from one pen to the other, stooping stiffly to inspect the young birds and the arrangements made for their comfort.

"They big speckly hens is too heavy for these here delicate little fellows," he remarked. "Game hens is the best—'twas what I did always have. 'Tis more in nature as the game hens should make the best mothers to young pheasants. They be a poor-looking lot, Maister Sanders. I did used to have 'em a deal more for'ard at this time o' year. What be feedin' 'em on?"

"Now look 'ere, I'm not going to stand any more o' this," thundered the keeper, fairly losing his temper. "I'm not a-goin'



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

WAITING FOR THE KEEPER.

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"Won't I, indeed," retorted Sanders, somewhat warmly. "What makes you say that?"

"I could ha' telled 'ee as this here weren't a fit place for young pheasants," returned the ex-keeper, not without a certain triumph. "If you'd ha' come to I, I could ha' telled ye. I've a-been thirty-nine year and nine month i' this place, and I've never put the young pheasants here once—never once. What do you say to that?"

"Well, I say as every man has his own notions," returned the other. "You might have a fancy for one place, as very likely I'd take again, and, on the other hand, you seem to have some notion again this 'ere place as I think most suitable."

"Well, ye'll find out your mistake, I'd 'low," said Guppy, unflinchingly. "Done pretty well wi' eggs this year?"

"Yes, pretty well on the whole. We had to buy a few hundreds, but, as I told Mr. ——"

"Buy 'em! Buy eggs! You must ha' managed wonderful bad. I've a-been here nigh upon forty year, and never bought so much as one—not one. Daily! 'Twill come ter'ble expensive for Squire if ye do carry on things that way."

"Something had to be done, you see," cried Sanders, who was now beginning to be distinctly nettled. "You seem to have been such a stick-in-the-mud lot—there was hardly any game about the place that I could see when I come."

"Oh! and weren't there?" retorted John, sarcastically. "Ye must ha' poor eyes, Maister Sanders. There, 'twas what I

to have you poking and prying about this place no longer. You've got past your work, and I'm doing it now. If the Squire's satisfied, that's all I need think about. If he isn't, he can tell me so."

"Ha! no man likes bein' found fault with," returned Guppy, sententiously; "but sometimes 'tis for their own good. Now you take a word o' advice from I, what was workin' here afore you was born or thought of very like."

"I'll not, then!" cried the other angrily. "Get out o' this, you old meddler, or I'll report you to the Squire!"

"You did ought to thank I for not reportin' of you," returned John firmly. "The Squire do think a deal o' I—a deal; but I'd be sorry to get a man into trouble as do seem to be meanin' well. You mind my words, keeper, and you'll find as they'll come true—ye'll have a bad season this year, and maybe ye'll be a bit more ready to take advice from them as knows more nor you do. 'Tis the first year, so I'll not be hard on ye."

He had now recrossed the wire, repossessed himself of his stick, and with a nod of farewell at his irate successor, turned his steps homewards.

He spent the rest of that day lamenting the direful changes which had taken place since his own withdrawal from active life, and privately resolved to be astir early on the morrow in order to proceed further with his tour of investigation.

With the first dawn, therefore, of a lovely spring morning,

he left his bed cautiously, dressed in silence, and made his way out of doors. The cottage which he had occupied since his resignation of the keepership was situated at the very end of the village, and as he glanced up the quiet street he could detect few signs of life. No smoke was yet stealing upwards into the still air, no cows lowing in the bartons; the pigeons, indeed, were astir, preening themselves somewhat sleepily, and cooing in a confidential undertone, and the clucking of hens was audible here and there, while more musical bird-voices resounded from trees and hedgerows. The dew lay heavy on the long grass by the roadside, as John set forth. The morning mists had not yet disappeared, and the glamour of dawn still enfolded the world. The dew-washed leaves seemed to be on fire, as they caught the rosy rays of the morning sun; every little wayside pool gleamed and glittered. The air was full of sweet scents; the delicate, distinctive odour of the primrose being predominant, though here and there a gush of almost overpowering perfume greeted the old man's nostrils, as he passed a wild apple tree. A kind of aromatic undertone came forth from damp moss, trunks of fir trees, springing young herbage, yet the exquisite fragrance of the morning itself seemed to belong to none of these things in particular, but rather to emanate from the very freshness of the dawn.

Old John, however, plodded onward, without appearing to take heed of his surroundings; once, indeed, he paused to sniff with a perturbed expression; a fox had passed that way. His eyes peered warily into the undergrowth, over the banks, beneath the hedgerows; he paused in traversing a copse, stooped, uttering an exclamation of astonished disgust, and some few moments later, emerged from the brake with a bulging pocket, and an air of increased importance.

Jim Neale, the underkeeper, had not long started on his morning beat, when he was hailed by a familiar voice, and turning, beheld his former chief.

"Hullo, Maister Guppy, I be pure glad to see you on your legs again. You be afoot early."

John surveyed him for a moment with an air of solemn indignation.

"'Tis jist so well I were afoot a bit early, Jim. You do want I at your back, I'd 'low. Which way have you been a-goin'?"

"Why, same as usual—across the big mead, from our place, and up along by top side o' the park."

"Jist what I did fancy. You do seem to use your eyes wonderful well, Jim—jist so well as ever. D'y'e mind how I used to tell 'ee 'some folks has eyes and some has none'?"

"Why—what be amiss?"

John, without speaking, put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a number of rabbit-snares, sticks and all, which he had picked up and secreted in the copse before-mentioned.

"Oh!" said Jim. "Humph! I wond're who could have put them there?"

"Why, Branstone folks what be always a-hangin' about seekin' what they can pick up."

"Well, 'twas a good job ye did chance to come along, Mr. Guppy. I'd 'low they didn't have time to catch nothin'. There weren't no rabbits in 'em, was there?"

"There was a rabbit in one of them though," retorted John triumphantly; "I've a-got en here i' my pocket."

"Oh, and have ye?" queried Jim, eyeing the pocket in question somewhat askance. "Well, it's lucky I've a-met ye—ye can hand en over to me i'stand o' going all the way up to Sanders."

"I can hand en over to you, can I? Thank ye kindly, Maister Jim; 'findins' is keepins'—or used to be i' my day. Well, of all the cheek! 'Hand en over', says he to I what has been his master, I mid say, for fifteen year and more. Hand en over, indeed!"

Jim, temporarily abashed, pushed his hat a little to the back of his head, and stared for a moment or two in silence; then his features relaxed into a slow grin.

"'Pon my word; if it do come to cheek, be dalled if I could say which of us has the most of it! Ye bain't keeper here no longer, Mr. Guppy, and I don't know as Squire 'ud be altogether pleased ef he was to catch you a-pocketin' one of his rabbits."

John laughed derisively.

"Squire 'ud know a bit better nor that," he remarked, as soon as he had sufficiently composed himself. "Squire 'ud know better than grudge I a rabbit arter all them hundreds as I've a-had the years and years as I were here. Be ye a-goin' on now?"

"E-es I be," returned Jim, somewhat sulkily.

"Then look sharp, else you'll very like miss a good few more things what be under your nose."

Jim walked away growling to himself that he wasn't a-goin' to have two masters if he knew it, and that it was enough to be at one man's beck and call without being hauled over the coals by folks what had no right to be there at all.

John, leaning on his stick, watched the receding form, still with an air of lofty sovereignty, till it had disappeared, and then

took his way homewards, feeling that he had done a good morning's work.

It was marvellous how one so decrepit as he could manage to be so ubiquitous as he thenceforth became. His bent figure and wrinkled face were perpetually turning up in most unexpected quarters, to the wrath and occasional dismay of Mr. Sanders and his underlings, his small keen eyes frequently detecting some small error or omission which his quavering voice was immediately uplifted to denounce and reprehend. Matters reached a climax when, one sunshiny morning, he discovered the eldest hope of the Sanders' family in the act of climbing a tree in search of a bird's nest, and, not content with boxing the urchin's ears as soon as he descended to earth again, hauled him off by the collar to the parental abode. The boy's outcries brought his father to the door, accompanied by Jim, who had chanced to call in for orders.

"See here what I've a-caught your bwoy a-doin' of. His pocket be chock-full o' eggs—pigeon eggs. He ha'n't a-got no right to go into the woods arter pigeons' eggs. I've brought en to 'ee, Maister Sanders, so as ye may gie en a dressin'. I be too old to do it myself. Nay, nay, time was when I could ha' fetched him a crack or two what had ha' taught en manners But I bain't strong enough for that now."

"Let go of him—let go at once, I say," shouted the indignant parent. "Who gave you leave to interfere? The lad's my lad, and it's none o' your business to go meddlin' with him. Come here, Philip-James; go in to your mother, boy. He's mauled you fearful."

"Well, you must be a soft fellow," ejaculated John in a tone of deep disgust. "I could not ha' believed it! If I had a-caught a bwoy a-trespassin' i' my woods when I was here, I'd ha' thrashed him well for t—let him be my son twenty times over."

"Trespassin' indeed! You're a trespasser, yourself," cried the keeper. "You've no business in these woods at all; you've no business to come near the place. I'll summons you, see if I don't."

"Well, that is a tale!" exclaimed John, leaning against the gate-post that he might the better indulge in a kind of crow of ironical laughter. "Trespass—me trespass; me what was keeper here for nigh upon forty year. Lard ha' mercy me! What'll ye say next?"

"Well, but it be trespassin', you know, Maister Guppy," remarked Jim, thrusting his head round the lintel of the door; "it be trespassin' right enough. If you was head-keeper once, you bain't head-keeper no more. You ha'n't got no call to be here at all. It be trespassin'."

"You hold your tongue, Jim Neale," retorted John fiercely—"hold your tongue! Who asked you to speak—you as did ought to be ashamed of yourself for neglectin' the ferrets same as you do. The big dog-ferret have a-got the mange ter'ble bad. You bain't the man to give a opinion, I'd 'low."

Jim, incensed at this sudden home-thrust, uttered a forcible exclamation, and proceeded with much warmth: "You've a-got a wrong notion i' your head altogether, Maister Guppy; you be a-trespassin' jist the same as you was a-poachin' t' other marnin'."

"Poachin'!" cried John, his face purple with wrath and his voice well-nigh strangled—"poachin'! Dall 'ee, Jim, I'll not stand here to be insulted. There, I've a-passed over a deal—a deal I have. I've overlooked it on account of the many years as we've a-worked here together, but this here be too much. I'll report ye, Jim Neale, see if I don't; and I'll report you too, Maister Sanders, for insultin' of I same as you've a-done. There's things as a body can't overlook, let him be so goodnatured as he mid be, and there's times when a man's dooty do stare en i' the face. I'll report ye this very hour."

"That's pretty good," laughed Sanders. "Upon my word, that's pretty good. Maybe Jim an' me will have something to report to the Squire too. You'd best come along with me, Jim, and we'll see who the Squire listens to."

"Come along then," cried John valiantly, before Neale had time to answer. "Come along; we'll see. I bain't afraid o' the Squire. The Squire do know I so well as if I was his own brother. Come on, if you be a-comin'."

The three set out, walking shoulder to shoulder in grim silence, the younger perforce accommodating their pace to the slow gait of the old man, who hobbled along between them, leaning heavily upon his stick, his face set in resolute lines.

They were kept waiting for some little time until the Squire had finished his breakfast, but were presently admitted into the billiard-room where they found him smoking by a blazing wool fire, for he was of a chilly temperament, and though the morning was sunny, the air was still sufficiently sharp.

"Hallo, Guppy!" he cried, cheerily, as his eyes fell on the old man. "What! you're about again, are you? You're a wonderful old fellow! You'll see me down, I'm sure, though there are twenty years or so between us."

John pulled his forelock and then laid his gnarled hand in the Squire's outstretched palm.

June 7th, 1902.]

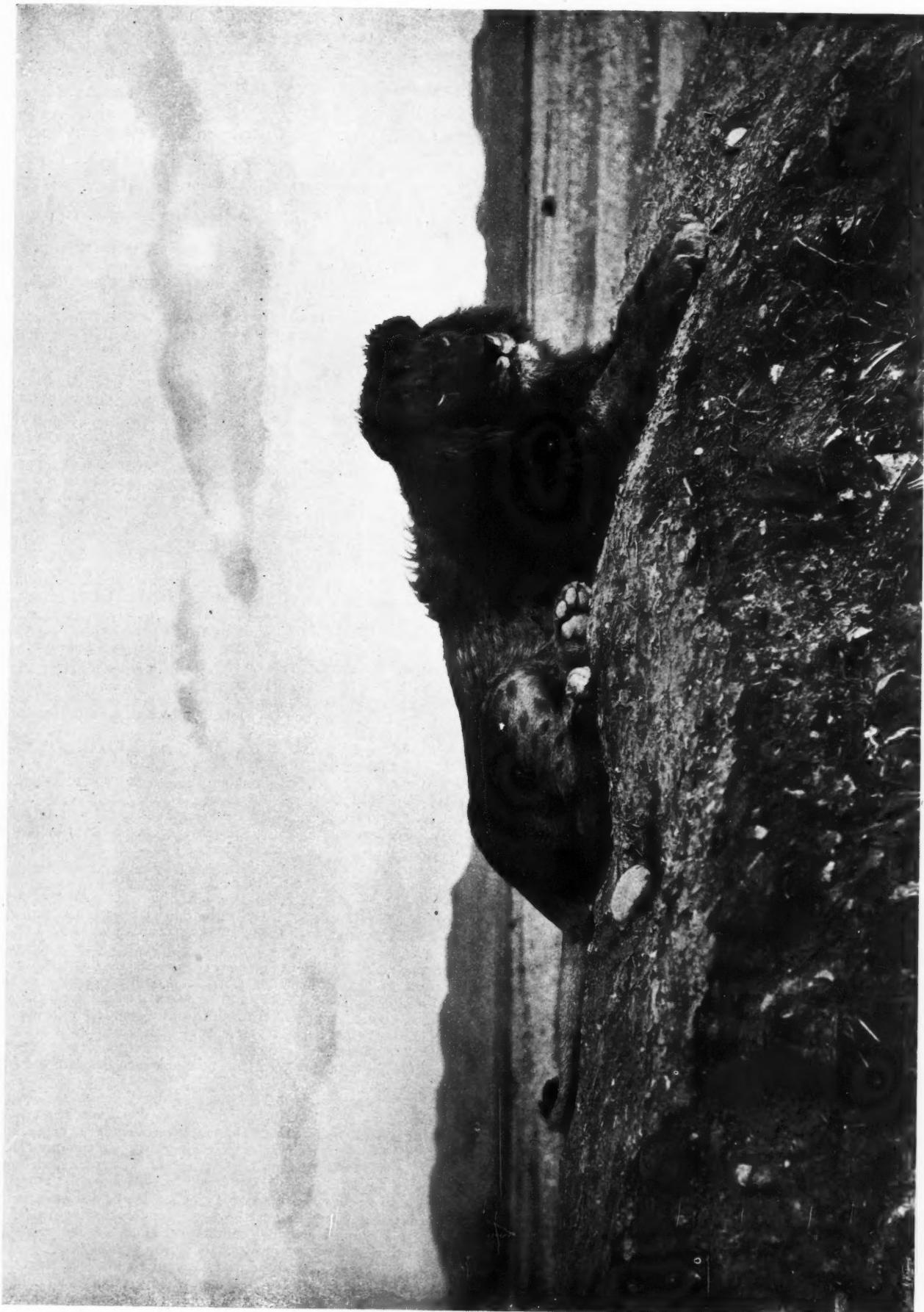
COUNTRY LIFE.

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THE KING OF BEASTS.

M. Emil Frechon.



"You're a splendid old chap," said his former master, as he shook it warmly. "I must own I never thought to see you on your legs again after that stroke, coming as it did on the top of the rheumatics. How are the rheumatics, John?"

"Very bad, thank ye, sir. There, I can scarce turn i' my bed, and when I do try for to walk my limbs do seem to go all twisty-like. I be fair scraggled wi' it, Squire."

"Well, men, what brought you here?" enquired their master, turning for the first time to the keepers, and addressing them with some surprise.

"Why, a rather unpleasant matter, sir, I am sorry to say," returned Sanders respectfully, but a trifle tartly. "'Tis a bit difficult to explain, seein' as you seem so taken up with Mr. Guppy here. I understood, sir, when I accepted your sitoocation as I was to have a free hand. I didn't look for no interference from anybody but you yourself, sir."

"Well, haven't you got a free hand? I'm sure I don't interfere," replied the Squire, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"'Tis Maister Guppy what be al'ays a-meddlin', sir!" put in Jim, with a pull at his forelock. "He do come up along mostly every mornin', a-horderin' and a-pickin' holes here, there, and everywhere. Mr. Sanders and me do find it ter'ble ill-convenient."

"I was just going to say, sir," resumed Sanders, "when Neale interrupted me"—here he paused to glare at his inferior—"as it was what I was never accustomed to—outside people comin' and pokin' and pruin' and fault-findin' and interferin'—"

"Oh, dear, how much more!" exclaimed the Squire, looking from one to the other in affected dismay, mingled with a little real vexation. "Guppy, what's all this about?"

"Playse ye, sir, I couldn't abear to see you a-treated same as ye be treated by them as ye puts your trust in. Everythin' be in a reg'lar caddle all over the place—everythin' be a-goin' wrong, sir, and when I sees it, I tells 'em of it. I can't do no different—'tis my dooty. You do pay I by the week reg'lar, and I bain't a-goin' to eat the bread o' idleness—'t ud stick i' my in'ards—e-es, that it would. 'So soon as I do get upon my legs,' says I, 'I'll have a look round'; and I did have a look round, and what did I find? Every blessed thing a-goin' wrong—so I sarces 'em for 't. I wasn't a-goin' to hold my tongue, and see you tricked and abused. I was easy wi' 'em—a dalled sight too easy—I did ought to have reported of 'em before, but to-day I couldn't stand it no longer; when I did speak to 'em they up and insulted me, both on 'em. 'E-es, they did. They insulted of I shamefel."

"I am sorry to hear that—" the Squire was beginning, when Mr. Sanders, losing patience, interrupted him.

"Begging your pardon, sir, 'tis more nor flesh and blood can stand; 'tis got to be him or me—that's all I can say. Nobody could put up with it. I found things in a very bad state when I came, and I'm getting them better gradual, sir, and doing my dooty in all respects as well as I can; but if Guppy is to be allowed to come prying and spying after me, and finding fault with all my arrangements—"

"He did call I a trespasser," broke out John, who had been ruminating over his private woes, without taking heed of the keeper's indictment. "He did call I a trespasser; he did say I was trespassin' when I told en I'd a-been walkin' through the Long Wood yonder where I did catch his little rascal of a son a-bird's-nestin' so bold as you playse. And Jim there, what did ought to know better, up and said I was poachin' last week. Me poachin'! Me what brought him back that very day a dozen o' snares what I had picked up i' the hedge as he went gawkin' past without taking a bit o' notice of."

"E-es, but you found a rabbit in one and popped it into your pocket!" cried Jim, irefully. "Popped it into your pocket and walked off wi' it, let I say what I would."

"In course I did," retorted John, with great dignity, "in course I did. 'Tweren't very likely as I'd leave it wi' you. As I telled 'ee at the time—says I: 'Squire wouldn't grudge me a rabbit now arter all the hundreds as I've a-had while I was keeper up yonder.'"

The Squire covered his mouth with his hand, but tell-tale wrinkles appeared about his eyes, and the points of his moustache curled significantly upwards. After a moment he recovered himself sufficiently to desire the keepers to withdraw, announcing that he would have a quiet talk with John Guppy, and that no doubt the matter could be arranged.

"So you had hundreds of rabbits while you were in my service, John," he remarked, crossing one leg over the other, and looking at the old man with a smile. "Didn't you get very tired of them?"

"Well, sir, my old woman be wonderful with the cookin', and she did do 'em up in a many different ways. 'E-es, we did use to have a rabbit for dinner four days out of seven."

"Did you indeed," returned his former master, much interested in these revelations. "Do you suppose, John, the other men had hundreds of rabbits every year, too?"

"Well, sir, it be a matter o' taste. Some folks doesn't

fancy rabbit; but, of course, they can take so many as they do want."

"Of course," agreed the Squire.

"E-es; keepers takes rabbits same as gardeners helps their selves to cabbages. I knowed you'd never begrudge me that there little un."

"No, to be sure; but we mustn't be too hard on Jim. Jim was doing what he thought to be his duty. Now, you know, no matter how many rabbits a keeper may take for himself, he is not supposed to allow other people to take any."

"Nay, sir, nay; I wouldn't expect it—not other folks. But I'd 'low it be different wi' I, what was head over en for so many year. He didn't ought to ha' gone and insulted of I."

"No, no, of course not; but then, you see, you had vexed him. He was too angry to discriminate between poaching and—just helping yourself."

"And t' other chap, 'ee telled I I was trespassin'!" resumed John, wrathfully.

"Well, my dear John, we must consider the point of view. Every man has his own, you know. As a matter of fact, I'm afraid, from Sanders' point of view, you were trespassing."

John's face was a study.

"I never thought to live to hear ye say that, Squire."

"I only said from his point of view," cried the Squire, hastily. "He's, naturally perhaps, a little jealous; you were here so many years, you know, and of course, like all young men—young men will have foolish notions, John—he thinks his way is the best way. We old fogies must just give in for the sake of peace and comfort."

"Noo ways," agreed the old man, sorrowfully, "noo folks and noo ways."

"As you heard me say just now," resumed his master, "I don't interfere with him, and, upon my life, I think it's better you shouldn't interfere, John. I fancy it would be wiser if you could just keep away for a little bit—then no one could say you were trespassing, you know."

"I'll keep away, Squire," said John. "No fear; I'll keep away. Ye'll not have to tell I that twice."

"You and I are free to have our own opinions, of course," urged the Squire, smiling, "but we'll keep them to ourselves—these young folks you know—"

But John did not smile in return; his head, always bent, drooped almost to his breast, his lips moved, but uttered no sound. After a moment or two, he pulled his forelock, scraped his leg, and turned to depart.

"You're not going, John?"

"E-es, sir, I be goin', I bain't wanted here no more. As you do say, noo times—"

"Now, now, I can't have you going away offended. Don't you see how it is, John?"

"Nay, sir, I don't see nothin' but what you've a-gone and thrown over a old servant for a noo un. That be all as I can see. You didn't check en for insultin' of I, and you did uphold him and made little of I. I be goin', and you'll never be troubled wi' I again. I'm fit for nothin'. I be a-eatin' of your bread and a-takin' of your money and doin' nothin' for 't. Eatin' the bread o' idleness! I'd 'low it 'ull fair choke I."

The Squire, vexed and perplexed, in vain sought to soothe him, but he waved aside all attempts at consolation, and made his way slowly out of the room and out of the house.

The Squire watched him as he went tottering down the avenue. "What's to be done?" he said to himself. "The poor old chap is past his work; it would be cruelty to allow him to attempt it. Sanders is an excellent fellow, on the other hand—more go-ahead than dear old John, and, it must be owned, a better keeper. He would certainly have given notice if I had allowed John to continue his visitations here. It is the only thing to be done, but I can't bear to see the poor old fellow so cut up."

As Guppy passed the keeper's lodge the dogs ran forward, leaping upon him and whining. He patted them absently, and then pushed them off. "Down, Rover, down! There, Bessie, off wi' you; you should learn a lesson fro' your betters. Stick to the noo folks, and get rid o' the wold. Poor beasts! they be fain to see I I'd 'low. Dogs bain't like Christians. They don't seem to know when a man be down. They be faithful, all the same; they haven't a-got no sense, poor things."

He was spent and trembling when he arrived at his own home, and sank down in his chair by the hearth.

"There, Missis, put away my gun; I'll not want it no more; I be done wi' it—I be done wi' everythin'. I could wish that there stroke had a-carried I off. I bain't no use i' this world as I can see. It do seem a strange thing as the Lard'll leave ye to live on and on when folks be tired o' ye, and be a-wishin' of ye under the sod. I wish I were i' my long home—aye, that I do."

Mrs. Guppy was at first alarmed, then affected, and finally burst into tears.

"I'm sure I never did hear a man go on the same as you do

do, Jan; there, I be all of a tremble. What's amiss? What's come to ye? What's it all about?"

"Gi' I my pipe," said John; "there's things a woman couldn't understand."

Not another word could she extract from him till dinner-time, when she summoned him to table.

He gazed at the food sourly. "All charity!" he murmured. "Charity, woman. I be eatin' what I haven't earned. I may just so well go to the Union."

A few days later the Squire's dogcart drew up at the little gate, and the Squire himself descended therefrom, carrying a couple of rabbits which he extracted from under the seat.

"Good-day, John; good-day, Mrs. Guppy. Well, John, how are you? Cheering up a bit, I hope."

John shook his head slowly.

"I've brought you a couple of rabbits," continued the Squire. "It never struck me till the other day how you must miss them. I'll send you some every week. There are enough, Heaven knows."

"I don't want no rabbits," growled Guppy; "I bain't a-goin' to eat of 'em."

"John!" gasped his wife, hardly believing her ears.

"Put 'em back i' the cart, woman," he continued; "I bain't a-goin' to eat no rabbits what they chaps up yonder have a-ketched, dalled if I be!"

"Why, John," said the Squire, sitting down beside him, "can't you get over it? I thought you would be all right by this time."

"I bain't all right, Squire, and I can't get over it. Nay, look at it which way I will, I can't. Here be I, John Guppy, a bit scram and a bit wambly; but so sound i' the head as ever I was, whatever my legs mid be. Here be I, anxious for to do my dooty, and able for to do my dooty, and you won't let I do it. You do give me money what I haven't earned; you do want I to sit here idle when I'm as ready for a day's work as any o' they new-fangled chaps what you've a-set up yonder i' my place."

The Squire sighed and looked hopelessly at Mrs. Guppy, who stood with her hands folded limply at her waist, and a most dolorous expression on her countenance, shaking her head emphatically at every pause in her husband's speech. After a few further attempts at consolation, the Squire rose and went to the door followed by his hostess.

"What is to be done, Mrs. Guppy?" he enquired, when they were out of earshot. "I positively can't have him back up there—he isn't fit for it; and he has been setting all the other men by the ears."

"He's fair breakin' i's eart," murmured Mrs. Guppy, dolefully. "He thinks he bain't o' no use—and he bain't—and it's killin' im. If he could even fancy he was doing summat and occipit hisself in any way he'd be a different man. 'Tis the thought as nobody wants en what do cut en so."

The Squire cogitated, and then a sudden light broke over his face.

"I have it," he cried. "I have thought of a job for the old fellow! We'll put him to rights yet, Mrs. Guppy—see if we don't!"

He re-entered the cottage, and approached the ingle-nook where John still sat, leaning forward, and slowly rubbing the knees of his corduroys.

"John," he said, "I was almost forgetting a most important thing I wanted to say to you. Sanders and Jim have got their hands pretty full up there, as you know."

"I'd low they have," agreed Guppy; "they're like to have 'em too full seein' as they don't know how to set about their work no how."

"Yes, yes. Well, Sanders is very busy all day and Jim has a wide beat. Neither of them ever find time to go near the

river. It's my private belief, John, that that river is dreadfully poached. We've next to no wild duck, you know."

"We never did have none, sir," interrupted Guppy.

"Just what I say," agreed his master; "we never had the chance. You had your hands pretty full when you were head-keeper, hadn't you?"

"I weren't one what 'ud ever ha' let 'em get empty," growled Guppy.

"Well, I was thinking, now that you haven't very much to do, you might undertake the control of those meadows down there by the river, if you feel up to it, and it's not asking too much of you."

"Oh! I could do it," returned John, in a mollified tone; "I could do it right enough if I was let."

"I should be very much obliged to you," resumed the Squire, "very much obliged indeed. All that part of the property has got shamefully neglected. I imagine the people think they've got a right of way."

"Very like they do," agreed John, whose countenance was gradually clearing; "but I can soon show 'em whether they have or not."

"Just so. Well, will you undertake to look after that part of the estate for me? It will be a great relief to my mind. Don't overtire yourself, you know; but any day that you are feeling pretty fit you might stroll round, and just keep a sharp lookout."

"E-es, I could do that," said John, after considering for a moment; "I could do it all right, Squire. I will look into the matter."

"That's right. Thank you very much, John. I shall feel quite satisfied about it now."

He nodded, and went away, John looking after him with a satisfied expression.

"I never did mind obligin' the Squire," he remarked to his wife, "and I'm glad to do en a bit of a good turn i' my ancient years. 'Tis true what he do say, that there bit down by the river have a-been fearful neglected. I myself could never make time to go down there, and 't ain't very likely as these here chaps 'ull go out of their way to look round. I'll put it to rights though."

"I'm sure it's very good o' you, John," said Mrs. Guppy, who had listened to the foregoing colloquy with a somewhat mystified air. "I shouldn't ha' thought that there was anything worth lookin' arter down there. Why, the town boys do bathe there reg'lar i' the summer."

"They'll not bathe there any more," returned her lord resolutely. "I'll teach Mr. Sanders a lesson—I'll larn 'em how to see arter a place as it did ought to be looked arter! Reach me down that gun, woman!"

He sallied forth that very hour, drawing up his little, bent form to as close an approach to straightness as he could manage.

His first care on reaching his destination was to examine the gates that gave access to this stretch of meadow-land. He pursed his nether lip and shook his head disapprovingly at their shaky condition, making a mental resolution to repair them at the earliest opportunity, and moreover to see that they were provided with padlocks. After diligently hunting in the neighbouring wood, he discovered a half-defaced board, which had at one time borne the legend, "Trespassers will be prosecuted," and, with a sigh of satisfaction, placed it in a more prominent position.

His joy was extreme when, late in the afternoon, he discovered a honest labouring man in the act of climbing a gate, which, owing to the rickety condition of its hinges, could not be opened without risk of falling flat upon the ground.

"Where be goin' to?" enquired John, sternly.

"Why, just home-along," returned the other, with a good-humoured smile; "'tis a bit of a short cut this way."

"There's to be no more short cuts here," cried John, with a



"I don't want no rabbits," growled Guppy."

certain almost malignant triumph. "These here meadows belongs to Squire. They'm his private property."

The man's jaw dropped. "That'll be summat noo," he said doubtfully, but still good-humouredly. "'Tis noo times all round," replied Guppy, with an odd contraction of the face, "but these 'ere reg'lations 'ull be carried out strict. You jist turn about, my bwoy."

"I be three parts there now," protested the other.

"Then you'll have to step back three parts, that's all," responded Guppy, unmoved.

The man scratched his head, stared, and finally recrossed the gate, and walked away, grumbling to himself, Guppy looking after him with a sense of well-nigh forgotten dignity. He had vindicated the majesty of the law.

All hitherto unconscious trespassers had thenceforth a bad time of it under the reign of the new river keeper. Would-be bathers, small boys on birds'-nesting intent, tired women with market baskets, labourers on their way to and from their daily work, were ruthlessly turned back by old Guppy, whose magisterial air carried conviction with it. The other keepers, laughing perhaps in their sleeves, let him pursue his tactics unmolested, and the Squire was careful to congratulate him from time to time on the success of his labours. John Guppy's greatest triumph was, perhaps, when he actually did discover a wild duck's nest amid the sedges of the now tranquil river. How tenderly he watched over it; how proudly he noted the little brood of downy ducklings when they first paddled from one group of reeds to another in the wake of their mother; with what

delight he imparted his discovery to the Squire, and with what supreme joy did he invite him to set about the destruction of these precious charges when they were sufficiently grown. Almost equal rapture was his when, having struggled along the avenue with a brace of ducks dangling from each hand, he encountered the head-keeper in the shrubbery.

"Those are fine ones," remarked Sanders, good-naturedly; he was a good-hearted fellow in the main, and did not grudge the old man his small successes.

"I should think they was," returned Guppy, swelling with pride. "They be uncommon fine 'uns, Maister Sanders; they be the only wild duck what was ever seen on this here property. I be glad to hear," he added, condescendingly, "as you've done pretty well wi' the pheasants, too." Squire was a-tellin' me about the good season ye did have."

"Yes," rejoined the keeper, with a twinkle in his eye; "they didn't turn out so bad, you see, Mr. Guppy."

"I be very glad on 't, I'm sure," said John, still condescendingly; "of course it be easy to rear a good few pheasants if you do go in for buyin' eggs; it bain't so very easy to get wild duck to take to a place where they never did come afore."

"No, to be sure," agreed Sanders, affably. "It was a wonderful piece of luck, that was."

"It wasn't luck, Maister Sanders," said John, impressively, "it was knowledge."

And he walked on, with conscious pride in every line of face and figure, leaving his successor chuckling.

THE "GUERBA" AND THE AMPHORA.



M. Emil Frechon.

WITH A WATER LOAD.

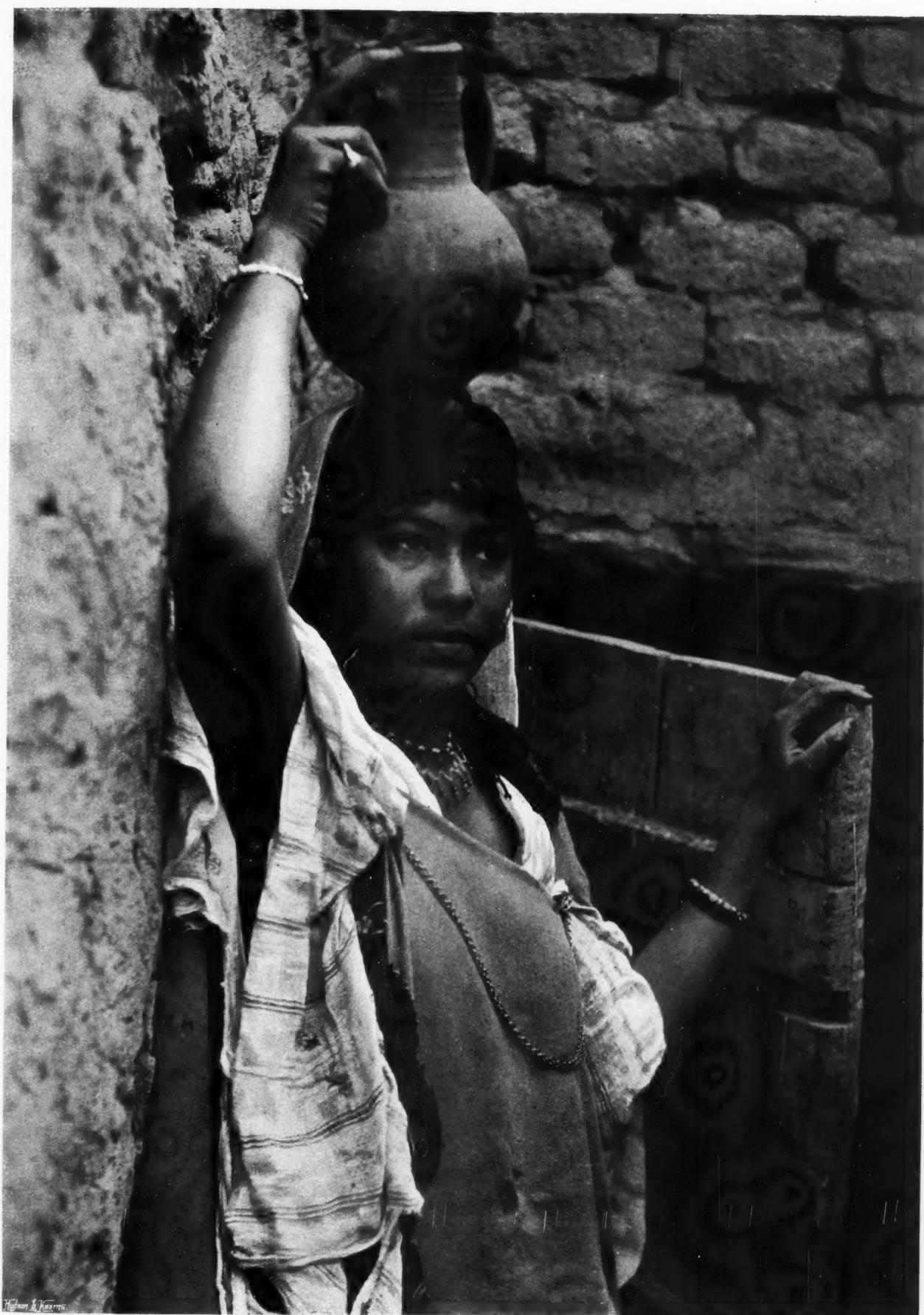
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If the author of the ingenious disquisition on the village pump only had treated his somewhat homely subject with a little poetic licence, he might have produced a paper filled with charmingly picturesque descriptive passages. The village pump has humble associations, but from one point of view it is to be regarded as the apotheosis of mechanical contrivance for drawing water by manual labour. How infinitely does it surpass in convenience and expeditiousness the earlier windlass, chain, and bucket. The misfortune of modern days is that utility and beauty do not always go together in loving amity. The village pump has lost some of the picturesque features of more primitive modes of water-carriage; but in the East, where the height of civilisation registered by the pump has not yet been reached, the earlier ways of water-drawing are seen in all their first beauty unspoiled. The gourd, the cocoanut, and the concave shell we may regard perhaps as the first vessels for water-carriage or water-lifting used by man. These would be ready to his hand without any fashioning. But as the second stage in that progress of which the pump is the crowning achievement, we can find nothing more primitive than the goat-skin and the vessel of burnt earth. It is with these two kinds of vessel that the water-drawers of the East occupied their business in the dawn of history as revealed to us, whether in the written word or the hieroglyphic picture, and it is with the same vessels that the water-drawers of the East occupy their business to-day. They are the vessels with which the subjects of the

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M. Emil Frechor.

ON THE NILE.

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illustrations are seen to be drawing or carrying water. It was when engaged in something of this manner that Rebekah met with Isaac at the well, and the woman of Samaria with the Divine Master of the Christian world. These suggestions of the Eastern water-drawing cannot fail to have for us something of a sacred association.

By accident it happens that the skin and the vessel of porous earth are the methods best possible for the keeping of water in a hot climate. We may say by accident, for the conservative instinct of the East is so strong that it by no means follows that

Eastern folk would not have continued to make use of them even had they been the least suited for the purpose. The fact that "our fathers have used them" outweighs with them all such prosaic considerations as those of utility. The skin appears, perhaps, the more ancient vessel of the two. It was in such vessels for the most part that Homeric heroes, or their attendants, carried water. The earthen vessel, in its fine form as the amphora, was in use in the most artistic times of Greece and Rome, and to this circumstance, as well as to the obvious



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LITTLE WATER-CARRIERS.

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utility of the form, we may ascribe its graceful lines. The amphora, strictly named, seems to have been a vessel of great capacity, holding normally as much as six gallons, but the name was applicable to all vessels of the same two-handled style and slender form, whatever their size. Those that we see in these pictures surely have not this classical capacity. Sometimes the amphora, both of antiquity and of modern times, was given a rather elongated base to allow of its being driven and fixed into the earth or on a stand, and sometimes we see that the vessels were covered over with leafage to keep cool the water within.

But the merit that the porous vase of clay has in common with the skin is that the porous nature of both aids in cooling the liquid kept within by the evaporation on the outer surface, and water that has stood for hours in these vessels has a colder temperature than that of the atmosphere about them. There cannot fail, in the midst of such charming surroundings, with the reflection of the graceful palms and tree ferns in the water and the picturesque costumes of these Eastern water-carriers, to be much that is beautiful in the business of filling the guerba,



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FILLING UP THE GUERBA.

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BRINGING HOME THE AMPHORA.

M. Emil Fréchon

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as the goat-skin flask is called, from the water of the spring. Even here there is use for vessels of the potter's making in the dipper that takes out the water and the bell-mouthed funnel by which it is conducted into the flask. The lifting the guerba out of the spring after the filling is no easy matter, and a well-filled flask that one may carry may need the strength of two to place into position on the carrier's back. But once set in position, and the cords properly adjusted, it is evident, from the accompanying picture of the lady going home to her tent in the desert with a water-load, that the skin adapts itself kindly to the shape of the carrier's back, and that it has certain advantages in this regard over the potter's vessel. Apart from the rest, it has the obvious advantage of being lighter in itself.

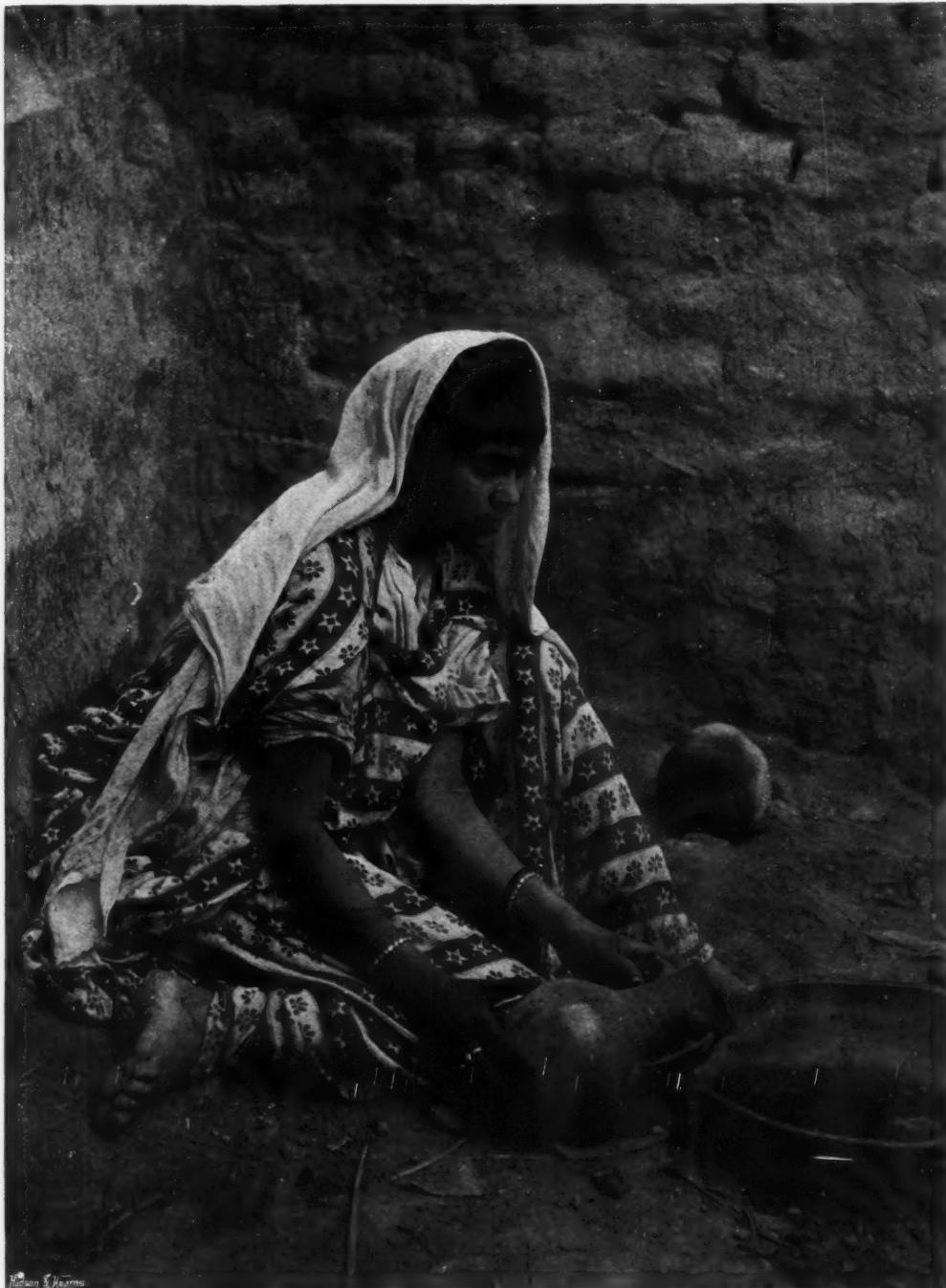
The picture that shows the two Kabyle women bringing home the amphora suggests at once that the unyielding clay does not accommodate itself, like the soft goat-skin, to the figure of the carrier. The amphora that the lady is just bearing into the house shows the almost sharpened base that is useful, as already noted, when it is wished to stand the amphora in the sandy ground or in a receptacle made for it, and on both of the vessels shown in this picture may be seen the outlines of the ornamental designs, generally of Phœnician fashioning, with which some of them are most artistically decorated. Of course, this form of vase is not adapted for carrying on the head, a mode which always is properly admired for the erect figure and free walk that it never fails to give those who practise it.

Our illustrations show another form of vase that is very common on the Nile, although comparatively rare in Algiers, which is far better adapted for this style of carrying, although the style is in itself less graceful. Yet another shape of water-holding vessel, though not adapted or intended for its carriage, is the earthen pan into which the black but comely lady is seen about to pour some water from one of those more Sancho Panza shaped vases which we see so often carried on the women's heads along the Nile bank.

In Eastern countries the water problem is immensely important to the individual dweller in house or tent. There is no system of water-mains and water-rates, and if water is wanted someone must go and fetch it. Generally the work devolves on the women of the household, according to prehistoric custom, which rules everything in the East; but often you will see a host of little water-carriers staggering under loads that seem too heavy for their small legs to carry. Of course we find now and then all sorts and shapes of water-carrying vessels in the same part, but as a common rule it is the goat-skin that is used in the south and the potter's vessels further north. The skin adapts itself no less kindly to carriage on a quadruped's back than on a human back. Often it has to serve as a butter-making churn, suspended from a tripod and kept gently rocking. The earthen vessels it is still common to see with leaves and branches suspended about them to keep cool the precious fluid within. In the goat-skin flasks it is said that the evaporation keeps the contents always at a temperature of from 8deg. to 10deg. centigrade below the air about them.

In our own rainy England the sight is only too common of our cottagers going long distances to fetch their water, in our homely but useful pails and buckets. It is a sight that grows increasingly frequent, as our seasons seem bent on becoming more and more dry. In Sussex we are told that the rainfall of the present year is between two and three inches below the average, and even in average years there is some carrying of the water by the cottagers; but we can do nothing more picturesque than the two pails slung on the yoke. It is singular that in Egypt we should find at once the greatest waterworks, in the way of irrigation and of dams on the broad Nile, and also the most primitive manners of water-carrying by the people. Out of Africa, it has been said, we find always something new; but out of Africa, it is no less true, we find always something of the primæval old.

It is not very likely that we in England ever will return to methods as primitive and as picturesque as we see them here. The village pump is our apotheosis, and we cannot cede from it. On the other hand, a scarcity in the annual water supply presses constantly more and more hardly on the inhabitants of many cottages and country villas to which no regular water scheme is attached. The water level in the chalk formations has fallen seriously, and the problem demands solution how we may better conserve the rainfall of winter to supply us through the months of summer drought to which use is gradually accustoming us. Everywhere in the country we see small torrents pouring down all the water-courses in the winter months, pouring uselessly away, emptying themselves into the less or greater rivers that soon flow out to mingle with the sea. In many instances it requires no skilled eye in water engineering to see



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THE EARTHEN PAN.

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THE GUERBA OUT OF THE SPRING.

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how this water, or an immense quantity of it, might be preserved for future use. Generally these torrents are rushing down channels deeply grooved in the bed of a ravine. It needs only to form a dam across the width of the ravine, and your reservoir is made—three-fourths of it made for you by Nature. Of course it is true that the fourth side, which it falls to man's lot to supply, has to be well and strongly made, so made as to resist a big pressure of water coming down against it. But, after all, wattle and daub is cheap, and when well done is very effective. And, even if it were dear, these words of dearness and cheapness are essentially relative. The point is to get the water as cheaply as it may be got, and it is very certain that the most expensive form of water storage is less costly than the primitive methods of water carriage, by which so many cottages, and even houses

of a better size, have to be supplied in the dry summers which seem to have become normal. We still talk of the rainfall having fallen a whole year behindhand in the last six or seven years—meaning that it is by so much below what we conceive to be the average. Is not the truth, rather, that the average has altered, and is it not better sense to recognise the alteration and perceive that the average rainfall is not sufficient, with our present limited means of storage, for our growing needs? After all, there remains with us still very much of that fatal conservatism which we brought with us from the Eastern cradle of our race. We pride ourselves on our occidental progress, but it is a path upon which we only move with difficulty and when incited by the spur of hard necessity. We are beginning now to feel the spur, as a consequent of dry seasons following each other without break.

POLO NOTES.

THESE notes will be full of the match on Saturday between England and America. Nor do I suppose my readers will care much for anything else. For the time being, the polo interest is at Hurlingham. How fortunate the club was on the day! The scene was one of the most brilliant I have ever beheld there, and the stands, with the masses of gay colours against the rich foliage now in its full glory, made a most striking spectacle. Behind the stands were the rows of coaches, some of which had come from Hyde Park in the morning. I noticed the Duke of Somerset, among others, near the pavilion. Hunting men were in great force, and I saw three of our best-known Masters of Hounds, those of the Quorn, the Atherstone, and the Meath, discussing the chances of the game with Mr. T. E. Peat, Major MacLaren, Sir Walter Smythe, Lord Harrington, Mr. F. J. Mackey, Mr. Kenyon Stow, Mr. Tresham Gilbey, Mr. A. Stuart, Mr. Cuthbert Bradley, Major Schofield, and Captain Neil Haig.

The ladies in the pavilion, too, included Lady Eleanor Harbord, Lady Mary Sackville, Mrs. Buckmaster, Mrs. Tresham Gilbey, Mrs. Routledge, Mrs. Herbert Stroyan, and many more who take an interest in the game. On the other side were, doubtless, all fashionable London, and a detachment from New York and Paris. But by this time I had secured a front place on the pavilion, and had eyes and ears for nothing but polo news and polo talk. Then a rumour flitted among the crowd that Mr. M. Waterbury was to stand down.



W. A. Rouch.

PRETTY PLAY.

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This to me was a disappointment because, I had been told that he was the best man of the four. It was true he had not shown us his true form. But an American friend (himself a polo player) assured me that Mr. "Monty" Waterbury was at his very best in a hard match. However, the captain of the team had arranged his men otherwise, and, in view of the result, who shall say that he was wrong?

It is well known that Mr. Foxhall Keene and Mr. John Cowdin play very often together, and, as we saw, they combined well. If Mr. Keene were to go back, so as to bring the two Waterburys together, that



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THE ENGLISH TEAM.

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would perhaps be the strongest possible combination; but if Mr. Foxhall Keene was No. 3, he certainly worked better with Mr. Cowdin at No. 2 than with Mr. M. Waterbury. So we had

the challengers' team thus: Mr. R. L. Agassiz, Mr. J. L. Cowdin, Mr. Foxhall Keene, and Mr. Waterbury; the English team was Mr. Cecil Nickalls, Mr. Patteson Nickalls, Mr. W. Buckmaster, and Mr. C. D. Miller. Umpires: America, Mr. Eustis; England, Captain Renton; referee, Captain D. St. G. Daly.

This may be a good place to note that the umpires did their work fairly well. There was much excitement, and they had once or twice difficult points to decide.

Both sides played a very fair game, and, I think, only one penalty for a foul was exacted during the whole match. But, as one of our players said, you could not have fairer men than the



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MR. C. NICKALLS HITS A BACK-HANDER.

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American players in a game of polo. As soon as the ball was in play the English team took possession of it, and carried it down to the American goal. They pressed, and hardly, too, on their opponents, and we held our breath as we waited for the goal that seemed imminent. But we had not reckoned with Mr. L. Waterbury; he was too quick for us, and his near-side back-hander, a stroke for which he is famous in his own country, was seldom wanting at a critical moment. The ball was often out, still oftener, perhaps, behind the American back line. This, however, was an advantage to them rather than otherwise, for, while they could not keep the ball away from their goal while it was still in play, yet Mr. Foxhall Keene's team were very good at hitting out, and generally managed to work their way halfway down the ground before they were stopped. As we noted this fact the reason for it also became apparent. It dawned on us that their combination was better than ours. They passed the ball very well. More than once they came galloping along, Mr. Waterbury passing to Mr. Foxhall Keene and he in his turn to Mr. Cowdin, while Mr. Agassiz bothered Mr. Miller. It may, I think, be taken to be due to the American No. 1 that the English back did not play by a long way up to his usual form. This excellent combination and the clever



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MR. FOXHALL KEENE.

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A MELEE.

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placing and passing of the ball were bound to have their effect in the end. So it came to pass that though the Americans seldom pressed, indeed were more often than not on the defensive, yet when they did have a chance they scored. That they did not do so more often was due to the fine play of the Messrs. Nickalls and Mr. Buckmaster. The last-named did his very best. Though we applaud his brilliant runs and his splendid long shots at goal, nothing is more admirable than the hard and unobtrusive work he will do when there is an uphill game to play. We who write on polo almost inevitably are unjust to our players, and do harm to the game by dwelling on those brilliant strokes which are the exception.

The perfection of a player like Mr. Buckmaster is that he avails himself of such chances when they open out before him, but does not seek to make them. We had four brilliant players on Saturday labouring under the great disadvantage of want of practice together, and all of them, and particularly Mr. P. Nickalls and Mr. Buckmaster, put in a great deal of quiet, useful work. The match was a defeat, but it was never a disaster. Indeed, watching the play as closely as I did, I found reason to hope for the next match. Our team if not changed, which would be unwise now, will have learned much. Of course nothing can deprive the Americans of the advantage of such a No. 4 as Mr. L. Waterbury. He is altogether

admirable, and a head and shoulders above any other "back" now playing. Then, too, I am afraid nothing can prevent our men from being a little slower than the visitors. The Americans have more quick-silver in their blood and more liveness of frame than Englishmen. It was bad luck that Mr. Nickalls' sticks broke, bad luck that two goals were disallowed, bad luck that so many shots were missed; but railing at luck is unbecoming, and, moreover, it will not disguise the fact that on the day, and as they played, in quickness and combination the Americans were the stronger team.

Whether it will always be so I cannot feel certain; things might be different with the ground less dead. It is true the Americans like a fast ground, that they use cigar-shaped heads, such as we had in India, where the polo grounds are as hard as a high-road. Yet I think the slower game was against our ponies, and I cannot feel quite sure that the respective forms shown by the ponies were true. The American ponies, notably Dennis and Texiana, were splendid; but still I can hardly bring myself to believe that they could beat for speed the pick of our ponies, such as Patricia, My Girl, Luna, Bluesleeves, Black Bella. Great pains had been taken to mount the English team, and Mr. Walter Jones, Colonel Fenwick (Royal Horse Guards), and Lord Waterford had lent the pick

of their stables for the Messrs. Nickalls and Mr. Miller to ride. Evidently our ponies want more schooling, since on a soft ground the Americans can beat them because they turn sharper and start more quickly. It is possible that in a racing



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MR. LARRY WATERBURY.

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game we should do better. The match on Saturday was very sticky and slow, with rare intervals of speed. The two managers, Major Egerton Green and Mr. St. Quentin, had made admirable arrangements, and there was no crushing, though a great crowd. The date of the next match is fixed for Saturday, June 7th, and the King is said to be most anxious to see what will now be an Homeric struggle. My own feeling is that all three games will have to be played. X.

Correspondence.

DOUBLE MEADOW SAXIFRAGE BENEATH TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I wish to ask a question that may also interest many other readers of your charming paper, and that is, how to establish the pretty double meadow saxifrage (*Saxifraga granulata fl. pl.*) beneath trees. I much want to grow it beneath some beeches.—T. R., Bude.

[This is an unusual question, but the following note, taken from a recent number of the *Garden*, seems to meet your requirements. The correspondent writes: "In most cases plants naturalised beneath deciduous trees produce their flowers while the overhanging branches are still leafless, but meadow saxifrage waits until the leaves are expanded to reach its full beauty. *Saxifrage* blossoms beneath a group of limes at Chaddlewood, South Devon, but on the same lawn it flowers with equal freedom beneath a chestnut and beech. Some fifty years or ago the saxifrages were among the occupants of beds that formerly cut up the broad expanse of lawn. These have long since disappeared and given way to turf, but the plants have remained, and yearly increase in number, often reproducing themselves in groups on the grass 50yds. and more distant from the parent colonies. This habit of the meadow saxifrage of throwing out out-pots at a distance from its main body is curious." It succeeds well, relishing a somewhat moist soil. Its other popular names besides meadow saxifrage are Fair Maid of France and First of May.—ED.]

TULIPS AND THEIR PLANTING. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I have large quantities of gesneriana tulips not yet in flower, though very near it; but I want next season to fill three round beds on a lawn in front of the house with rather earlier tulips. I only want two colours—viz., red and yellow—but the brightest and best of these. Probably some of the oldest varieties are best in this way: One bed to be single red, one single yellow, and the third double red. I thought of carpeting one with forget-me-not, another with *Arabis alpina*, and the third with *Anemone robinsoniana*. I would be glad to receive any suggestions and hints, and also the names of the most suitable tulips for my purpose. The tulips would be left in the ground, and the beds have lilies and delphiniums planted in them.—J. M.

[You cannot do better than plant Ophir d'Or, yellow, and the white Pottebakker, but nothing is so brilliant as *T. gesneriana*. The plants used as a carpeting for the beds cannot be bettered.—ED.]

LONDON HOUSING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—Among the really useful people in this country the Registrar-General ought to be given a place of honour. How often, after the expenditure of so much breath in vague generalities and vague sentiments, does he come along with a few hard incidental facts that show things in their true light? A case in point is furnished by his statement about houses in the recently published Census reports for the City of London. We are told several times a week that the working population is outrunning its housing capacity. Nothing of the kind, says the Registrar-General. Population has increased by 7·3 per cent., but the total number of tenements by 8·7 per cent. Houses with five rooms and upwards numbered 307,037 in 1891 and in 1901 they had grown to 347,516, and large tenements have multiplied at about double the rate of small Gross

exaggeration appears to have been employed in regard to various other aspects of the housing question. Thus there has been a falling-off of 20 per cent. in the number of people who live in one-room houses, whereas from some of the newspaper articles, working London seemed crammed into these dens at the rate of about a score to every room. Excessive overcrowding appears to have diminished by 26·6 per cent. This is satisfactory as far as it goes, but a real grievance remains. Those who have most closely studied the facts will agree that rents have become far too high in proportion to wages, and the problem of the future is really to provide a working man's house at a rental that can be comfortably paid by him. While it is most desirable to check the great and usually exaggerated talk about overcrowding, it is most essential, at the same time, that we should not take our ease in Zion or fall back into an indolent content. There is plenty of practical hard work yet to be done by those interested in the housing question, but it wants to be taken up in a cool, business-like, methodical manner, not with the *trou de zèle* from which so many of our City agitators suffer.—S. BOOTHSON.

POISONED PARROTS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some months ago, in Jamaica, I put three grey parrots into a large aviary; they were in perfect health, but in three days they were dead. Of course they climbed about incessantly on the wire netting of the cage, using their beaks freely in so doing. I attribute their death to metallic poisoning, and wish to ask if any of your readers can inform me what wires or bars are poisonous to beak-climbing birds (if I may be allowed the expression) and what are not. What wire, or fine bars (not wooden) could I substitute in the aviary, which would be quite innocuous to parrots, climb they never so vigorously?—D. P.

ESKIMO DOGS.

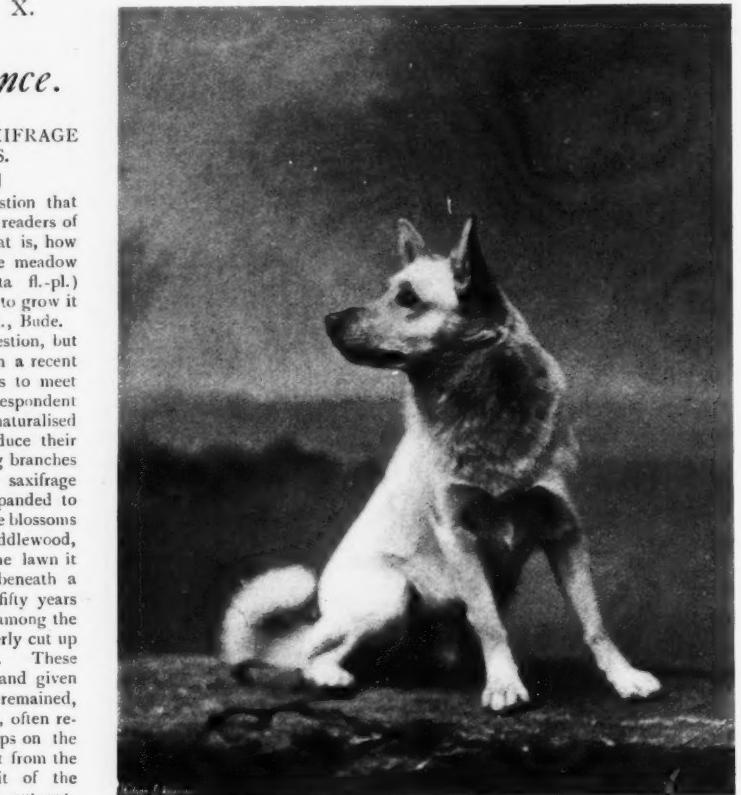
[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am instructed by Her Royal Highness the Princess Stephanie Countess de Louguy to send you the enclosed photographs, and to ask you to kindly publish the same in your paper if you think them good enough. Her Royal Highness thinks this family of Eskimo dogs quite unusually handsome, and in fact very rare. The mother and father of the pups were sent to the Princess by Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess Victoria of Sweden and Norway.—IDA HAAS, Lectrice de Son Altesse Roya'e.

FOOLHARDINESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—May I hope that you will use the influence of your paper to support the recommendation of the jury that sat at the inquest on Miss Brookes, the female parachutist who met with a fatal accident at Sheffield on Tuesday of last week? They ask the Home Secretary to prohibit all such exhibitions in future, and surely they are quite right. Descending with a parachute is a fear that has nothing in its favour except its danger. If a man be seen about to dive from London Bridge, he is promptly taken into custody; but, after all, diving is a most useful accomplishment, and one in which daring and boldness have time and again helped to save life. But coming down with a parachute is a perfectly useless performance. Imagination can scarcely construct a scene of danger in which the ability to do it could be of any possible service. The attraction it exercises is simply the fascination derived from a knowledge that the man or woman is liable at any moment to be dashed to the earth and be killed. This is a very brutal form of pleasure. I am not in the slightest degree opposed to manly and athletic feats, but the very opposite; and I do not object to danger provided that it be of a kind which a sailor, a fireman, or others who pursue perilous callings might be legitimately called upon to meet, but danger for danger's sake marks a return to savagery, and I trust that the petition of the jurors will have the desired effect.—R. GOWER.



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